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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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ROGERS
MEDIA

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Some shouldn't.



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COVER

PARADISE LOST

These days, buying yardsticks in the great Canadian outdoors may soon be a thing of the past. Overriding, astronomical prices and environmental brochures are a sight as common as some of the country's most popular playgrounds.



IS AN UNCIVIL WAR

Forget the Tories and the Liberals. Stockwell Day's troubled Canadian Alliance is writing a new chapter in the history of interethnic political strife.



29 AFTER THE VOTE

Gordon Campbell's huge victory may not guarantee political peace. B.C. natives are ready for battle over Liberal plans to hold a land-claims referendum.



48 ARCTIC MACOMB

An epic tale of love, jealousy, murder and revenge in Canada's North, *Atanarjuat*—the first Inuk-language movie in history—is a haunting tale of Greco-



From the Editor



B.C.'s goofy days are gone

Over dinner at his Vancouver home last week, Peter C. Newman regaled a visitor with a story about his days as editor of *Maclean's* in the late 1970s. Each week, Peter said, he and several senior editors would survey upcoming stories and question whether they had a balance between pages that were solemn and issues-oriented and others that would elicit a chuckle from readers. Inevitably, he recalled, there were weeks when the news seemed overwhelmingly grim and some levity was needed. Then, Peter said, he always had a sure solution: "I'd order a story on B.C. politics. I knew I could count on something goofy."

That was then; this is the new world that began at about 19 minutes after 8 one night last week, B.C. time, when local newscasts started declaring an election win for Gordon Campbell's Liberals. For all that British Columbians like to emphasize the Rocky Mountain divide that separates them from the rest of the country, the reverberations from this vote seem certain to roll to Ottawa. Three of Canada's richest and most populous provinces—British Columbia, Ontario and Alberta—are now ruled by small-conservative governments with a shared desire to see Ottawa take a less central view of the way the country is governed. And British Columbia audaciously looks set to challenge Alberta as a business magnet. Campbell has promised to cut taxes, remove anti-business restrictions, look at privatizing some government departments and ban strikes by employees in the education sector. Most controversially, he also plans a referendum on the issue of future treaties with the province's aboriginals.

That all seems straightforward—but few things are ever as clear as they appear. The only people who think Alberta and British Columbia are natural allies are those who never visit either: attitudes differ almost as much as their geography. The

folly Ralph Klein and the delightfully burlesoned Campbell may become sadomasochists, but they haven't bonded yet. Within British Columbia, Campbell controls the legislature—but has no oversight at the senior levels of the public service, and will go, at best, a short honeymoon from the trade unions. And the approach in federal circles, says a B.C. Liberal and senior advisor to Jean Chrétien, is to "let Campbell define the relationship—we're listening." Given that he once unfurled the federal Liberal caucus at a Vancouver meeting by lecturing them on regional sensibilities, things could flow up quickly.

Add that up, and it can sound as if Canada's western provinces are spilling for another fight over their place within the federation. But you don't find that sentiment much in the aphoristic manner of businesspeople around Edmonton—one of the country's fastest-growing major cities—Calgary or Vancouver. Sure, there's frustration over the shambles of political life in Ottawa, and Toronto's endless fascination with itself, but those are matters shared everywhere in the country. The real problem for the federal Liberals in Alberta and British Columbia is that they're simply irrelevant to many. That aside, there's little to smile about in both provinces these days—even if, unlike during Newman's days as editor, you can't laugh at B.C. politics anymore.

Andy Vachon

responsibilities are to comment on from the editor

Newsroom Notes

Our man by the sea

John DeMont knows about change: Downs East, a native of Nova Scotia, has been in *Maclean's* for 12 years, seven of them as Halifax bureau chief. As the magazine's eyes and ears in the four Atlantic provinces, he has covered everything from the Westray mine disaster and the travels of hockey legend Maurice to the troubles of the Inuit of

Labrador and the new energy boom in Atlantic Canada. DeMont, who wrote the main story for this week's cover package, does not own a cottage. But he, his wife and two children are regular visitors in his home province. This summer, they plan to vacation in southern Prince Edward Island and in Nova Scotia on the Northeastern Strait—a place where he has been coming for decades to visit



sons, uncles and cousins. According to DeMont, it's hard not to notice the changes that have occurred during that time. "It's still a stunning place," he says. "But when we first started going there when I was a kid, hardly any homes were on the shoreline. Now, in parts, you can't lift a barbecue fork without the risk of poking a neighbour in the eye." Pandas lost, indeed.

Lotus



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Overture

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Edited by Shanda Dorell with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

The Mischief of mistresses

MacLeod, One Great Winter? Campbell, No Great Surprise! And a special birthday greeting to One Great (Reunited) Canadian!

◆ **Alvin MacLeod:** With \$172,800 IMFAG Dublin Literary Award for *No Great Mischief*. Who knew being a difficult literary genius was so lucrative!

◆ **John Reynolds:** Finally, a good book for Stuck Day: his new grand viceroy says cool and convincing swearing for Alliance members. Hey, why not Reynolds the leader?

◆ **Gordon Campbell:** Sure, he won 76 of 79 seats in B.C.'s elections, but NDP expense guaranteed a landslide. Now, can he deliver on high expectations?

◆ **Jacques Pelletier:** There out his release in the 70s informed on the FLQ. Wonder what embarrasses him more: his link to terrorists or to the police?

◆ **Bob Dyck:** His best week was done with *Chastity* Daniel Lanois and *The Band*. As the magnificent ensemble turns 50, let's claim him as (almost) one of us.



OBSESSED WITH HEADING WEST

Since the CPR® was a refusal for generations of Prairie farmers who blamed the transportation giant for everything from flood to pestilence. But for ardent Vancouverite, author Dr. Wallace Chung, the Canadian Pacific Railway is a lifelong love. As a boy he was transfixed by a poster of the CPR's *Empress of Asia*, the graceful liner that brought his mother to Canada in 1919. In fact his imagination and led to his 25,000-item collection of all things CPR.

Chung and his wife, Madeline, a retired librarian, donated the collection to the University of British Columbia, which opened a permanent exhibit this month along with a companion Web site: www.library.ubc.ca/cpr. The centerpiece is a magnificent four-metre-long original builder's model of the *Empress of Asia* ordered by Chung. "It took me six years," he says of the process. "Medical school only took me four." Chung, 75, has amassed hundreds of pieces of CPR memorabilia, much often gathered off the ocean floor by a diver. "If the Pacific Ocean ever dries up," he says, "all you'll need to do is follow CPR porcelain and you'll reach China."

Ken MacQuinn

WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME

In a previous issue, Macdonald's assembled the Cape Breton art of "stapling," or cliche-making. Harold MacMillan of New Brunswick, Ont., let us know of another region's styling.

In the late 1800s, a bank in Alexandria, Ont., compiled a list of townspeople's nicknames to help their staff identify different people sharing surnames. The nicknames usually took into account either physical characteristics, quirky hobbies or where a person lived. Hag Horn MacDonnell, for example, was so named for his loud voice and overbearing manner. Joe Creams Kato was a local tea lover.

In the Eastern Ontario community of Scott's, the most interesting nicknames: Pease Hail, One-eyed Norman, Danica the Rogue, Spooky Jim, Crooked Nancy, Well-eyed Sally and Drunkling Duncan. There was also Archie Baldy and the Yes-yes MacQuinn—names who constantly murmured their agreement. But some of the stories behind the nicknames are just-including the tale of Donald MacDonnell, aka Saters.



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A PORCELAIN POLL

No matter how you phrase it—spend a penny, powder one's nose, see a man about a horse or use the facilities—assessing the unreasonable is never easy. However, in an exhibit currently showing at the West Perry Seaside District Museum in Northern Ontario, viewers are finally forced to face the truth behind the throne. Staring Percy, The History of the Toilet traces the evolution of the loo, as well as wash-closet inventions and penny trivia. Note: Johns and Lows get in for free. One of the most popular aspects of Se-



basband that it is over in our house whether he likes it or not. But it is an important thing; we need to talk about this and get it resolved." A.C.

OVERBITES

"The monkey has coars."

—Words screamed by a New Delhi man as he jumped to his death off the roof of his house. For a month, city residents have been in a panic about a alleged four-foot tall monkey man, purported to have a hairy body and metal claws, which has been blamed for over 100 accidents in the city.

"It has three buttons on its chest. One button it turns into a monkey, the

second gives it extra strength, the third makes it invisible."

—Another New Delhi resident describes the monkey man.

"It is nothing but mass hysteria."

—New Delhi deputy commissioner of police Manoj Kumar Lal commenting on the panic. Lal said the hysteria has been caused not by mysterious monkey man but by superstition—and possibly a group of people in masks terrorizing residents.

What say the sisters?

The eyes have it and the thighs have got to go. An Online Insider Inc. survey of 300 women, aged 27 to 40, uncovered some interesting facts about the behaviors of two X chromosome carriers. It seems what women really want is to be a 100—Friend of Oprah.

72% chose introprocessor as their dream job

3% chose politician

45% said breast cancer was their No. 1 concern

83% believe in God

15% think world is important to a partner

97% love their own eyes

72% like their breasts

60% hate their thighs

10% do yoga to keep in shape

91% choose comfort over style when it comes to fashion

78% want to be Oprah's friend

42% want to live Oprah's life

46% want Madonna's body

Take the money and run

Curious about how federal politicians, including the Prime Minister, finance their personal decision campaigns? The new Canada Elections Act, which came into force before last fall's vote, was supposed to shine a light into the murky corners of political financing. But it turns out all the inside dope will now be made public.

As before, candidates will be able to keep secret the sources of money channelled through riding associations, trust funds and their parents. Those are often big numbers: Jean Charest got \$62,014.09 from the Liberal party's Quebec arm last election. Who originally donated that money, the PM does not have to say. Another of money exemplar: An Eggleston took \$60,000 from a riding as-



Caplan makes a full disclosure

sociation trust fund. That's all the disclosure taxpayer has to reveal. Only contributions over \$200 that came directly from individuals or companies into campaign war chests must be separately disclosed.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. Directors Canada officials claimed the new law would force a detailed accounting of the origins of all donations. It turns out, however, that the stricter rule applies only to money that flowed in after the new law came into force last Sept. 1. Most fund-raising was done before then. Still, a few well-known politicians decided to respect the new act's spirit.

Candidates Minister Elissa Caplan stood out for having listed individuals who contributed to the \$64,880.02 that she took from her riding association. Next time out, Elections Canada vows that kind of detail will be demanded of all candidates.

John Golden

"Nothing hanging from the mirror"

No dogs with bobbing heads on the rear window shelf

No bumper stickers promoting the latest cause

Sample is good

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Out, damn naturalists

I've had it up to here with politicians, environmentalists, unionists, protesting lefties, rightists and plain generic loudmouths bellowing about the damage we do to our earth, water and air. Do I look like some hardened green frodo? Don't they think by now I've got the message!

It seems every time I watch the news, the latest whining of some Chicken Little green paunting up all the spots. I'd like to give them space—one there alongside Pluto. By now, I think we're more biased as less damaging than SUVs. It's obvious that if you cut rainforests along a river the soil will wash downhill. I no longer need to hear about those things.

Smoking is bad. Drinking worse, except a dose is truly good for the heart. Drugs devastate so we should either make them legal, hang the dealers, or abolish everybody or set up more studies.

We are told the world needs fewer people. Then on the next page, we find some airscamp pointing the latest plan to extend life. "We can all live to be two hundred!" runs the headline. Seems to me if the body crash were due to severe the point would be sliding us to live shorter, rather than longer, lives. I've given up fish and whale products, used birds and I'm knee-deep in feathers, and now that I've checked the aff, bees are stepping by for bees and not.

But that's not enough.

I now drive weekly less than 10 km. Never take trips on energy-consuming airplanes, trains, buses or boats. Cut my hair with scissors. Flush every third time. Sift food ashore or shower. Keep the thermostat at zero. Renew the space system. Banish all my cravals and generally make close to a state of denaturing—rather than consuming—energy. And don't even ask how often I change my underwear. But is that sufficient? Apparently not. They just keep at it.

The pain inflicted by the time-bugging onslaught seems even more unbearable than the original issue. For day and



lambasting our coauthors with an around-the-clock verbal First World War cannon barrage, shattering my nerves with post-traumatic stress disorder.

My newspaper is like a burning spouse. I pay for the privilege of being scolded to sleep up my act. During sleepless nights, I'm haunted by their claxon call: "Let's make the whole world a natural heritage park!" Pipe down, guys. I've planned to maul foliage that my place—known hereabouts as "that damn jungle"—grew twice as high as it is long. Thus we live under a permanent mist of being smothered and crushed by a gaze for. So call off the barking doormatmen, I say. We know about it and are doing it, so please stop.

I recycle, walk softly upon the earth, breathe at least as possible and eschew harsh deergreens. I refuse all packaged and imported slave-labour food. I make only green investments. I read things online in order to preserve forests, and my only newspaper not available online, I turn into match for a hedgehog. I return flyers. I don't own a dishwasher. I mend and fix everything. And I even opt to match the soil. I'll bet the farm I pollute less than 99 per cent of the ones thumping the door and invading my mailbox with their "Protect Momma Earth" flyers.

For some time, I've absolutely refused to buy anything new for fear it will harm the environment. But what mass transpire to the media refers and gets on to something of which we're unaware, like what the government is really up to these days? Just once I'd love to open the op-ed page to a vast of environmental rage. Or turn on the television without being harassed.

Hey guys, quit picking on me. Once more with feelings: it's not my fault!

D. Grant DeMan of Rogers, B.C., keeps his nose clean occasionally.

PASSAGES

Awarded: Alastair MacLeod won the world's richest literary prize for his debut novel, *The Great Merchant*. MacLeod, 66, already an acclaimed short-story writer, is the first Canadian to win the annual \$172,000 International IM-PHC Dublin Literary Award. *The Great Merchant*, which took MacLeod 10 years to complete, tells the story of Cape Bretoner Alexander MacDonald, beginning with his ancestors and their troubled voyage from Scotland to Canada. In their announcement, the judges called the book "a monument to the universal human spirit."



Dead: Legendary crooner Perry Como was known as Mr. Nice Guy and Mr. Clean. *Bing Crosby* once described him as "the man who invented casual." Como started out as a barber in a confectionery store, near Pittsburgh, but he was destined to be a star. From 1948 to 1963 he had 160 hit singles, including *Some Enchanted Evening*. NBC's *The Perry Como Show* ran for 15 years, and his annual Christmas special was a yearly favourite and he retired from show business in 1994. Como, who suffered from Alzheimer's, died in his sleep at home in Jupiter, Fla., six days shy of his 85th birthday.

Settlement: Jenna Bush, daughter of U.S. President George W. Bush, was ordered by an Austin, Tex., County Court judge to perform eight hours of community service after she pleaded no contest to a charge of being a minor in possession of alcohol. Bush, 19, must also pay court costs of \$51.25 (U.S.) and attend six hours of alcohol-awareness classes. The University of Texas freshman was cited in April by an undercover cop while drinking a beer in a popular bar in Austin—where the drinking age is 21.

Returning: Quebec diva Céline Dion, 33, has signed up to be a Las Vegas sensation. In 2005, she will end in three-year hiatus to perform at Caesars Palace. In a newly built, 4,000-seat amphitheatre designed to resemble the Roman Colosseum, Dion will headline 200 nights per year for three years. Dion, whose last concert was in Montreal in 1999, took a sabbatical to start a family. She gave birth to a son, René-Charles, in January.

Donated: Ottawa-born pop star Alanis Morissette, 26, gave \$230,000 to the Broadway musical *Juno & Paycock* to help it close for at least one more week. Morissette is a fan of the \$10-million production—based on the *Charlotte Brontë* novel—and is a friend of its composer,

Paul Gordon. The show was set to close after only 185 performances, despite earning five *They Award* nominations.

Discharged: Ex-justice Michel Côté, who was convicted of influence peddling after he lobbied the government for a private clinic, has been given an absolute discharge by the Quebec Court of Appeal. The court determined that Côté did not know his actions were against the law and that the case has already caused substantial damage to his reputation and honour. The 62-year-old Conservative politician, who resigned his Senate seat two years after the initial conviction in June, 1998, will no longer have a criminal record.

Dead: In 1972, Jason Miller was drawing unemployment cheques. In 1973, he won a Pulitzer Prize and a Tony for his play *Travels with My Sister*. He was nominated for an Oscar for his role as Father Damien in *Kanawha*. The actor, Miller, who is the father of actor Jason Patric, died of a massive heart attack in Scranton, Pa. He was 62.

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PREGNANT WITHOUT A JOB

Colleen Thorpe, Global TV's national correspondent in Quebec for the past five years, was fired nine days after telling her boss she was expecting twins in August. Thorpe, who already has two children aged 1 and 6, has covered such stories as the sitcom that devastated the province in 1998 and former prime minister Pierre Trudeau's funeral last year. Thorpe, 34, has approached the Canadian

Human Rights Commission about filing a complaint against her boss.

A high-stakes muddle

Pavel and Beira Skleryk and their four children—two born in Canada—faced deportation in Poland over a procedural dispute that included a \$500 mistake. In Canada since 1994 on visitors' visas, the Skleryks were denied refugee status in August. The Manushevs, Ont., family applied to rely on humanitarian grounds with a supporting cheque for \$1,150. But the required fee

was \$1,200. After Immigration and Citizenship Minister Elanor Caplan denied Skleryk's story—wild accusations of attempted espionage—officials conceded receipt of the cheque but said the deportation stands.

Mr. Black, all British

Translating grade 10/11 Conrad Black, in high demand because film the Prime Minister and now guests of his native land, admitted his bid for a British passport, a re-nouncing his Canadian citizenship. It means London



Conrad after being paid—
the plot man is also awarded

would no longer need Ottawa's approval to elevate Black, a British citizen since 1989. At that time, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien refused to approve the proffered passport—a rebuff that cost the national press to dub Black "Lord Alton." The publisher announced his plans after the Ontario Court of Appeal refused to review Chrétien's decision. On another front, Black urged a de-exclusion of a newspaper circulation war involving his *National Post*, which is losing money—recently at a rate of \$1.75 million a week.

Teen to mark time

After 14 hours of deliberation, a Florida jury convicted, 14-year-old Nathaniel Beaulieu of second-degree murder for shooting his English teacher, Barry Grunow, a year ago. Beaulieu, who had been suspended for throwing a water balloon, returned to his West Palm Beach school with a 25-caliber pistol and shot Grunow in the face. An honor student with no previous criminal record, Beaulieu must serve a minimum of 25 years to life in prison.

It wasn't cream pie

Ryan Brown has learned the hard way what it's like to take one in the face. The 26-year-old actor and playwright is serving 30 days in a Charlotte-town jail for assaulting Prime Minister Jean Chrétien last August with a cream pie. But last week, another prisoner punched Brown in the face—with his fist. Jail officials glacial



FAREWELL TO JESSICA

As the casket—covered in white and draped with pink flowers—was carried through the doors of St. Martin's Catholic Church in Lethbridge, Alta., the hundreds of people who had come to say goodbye to Jessica Kasperian fell silent. The two-year-old vanished from her home on May 4, and people in the city of 79,000 had been desperately searching for her. But all hope was lost a week later when

Wilma Bernady, a private-nursing assistant, discovered the little girl's naked and bruised body in a trash pile near Fort Macleod, 60 km to the west.

Last week, police did not comment on reports that a 33-year-old man, the boyfriend of a longtime friend of Jessica's mother, Sylvia, is a suspect in the murder. The man, who was arrested on May 12 on an unrelated charge, is currently being held under the Mental Health Act at Calgary's Peter Lougheed Hospital.



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Brown in isolation for his prosecution, and they complete their investigation into the incident.

A stay for McVeigh

FBI director Louis Freeh admitted that the bureau made a "serious error" when it didn't turn over more than 3,000 documents to Timothy McVeigh's lawyers before his 1997 trial in Denver. McVeigh, who was to be executed on May 16, was convicted of the April 19, 1995, bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, in which 168 people died and 500 were injured. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft postponed the execution until June 11, giving McVeigh's lawyers time to decide whether they will appeal his conviction.

Labour's Raging Bull

In a TV poll, Britain's voters awarded her status as their punch-throwing deputy prime minister, John Prescott, after he brawled with a pro-nuclear physicist, 62, who was campaigning in Wales, predicted protester Craig



British deputy PM goes over the top of the election campaign

Evans in the puv after Evans hit him in the face with an egg. Polls predict a landslide victory for Prime Minister Tony Blair's Labour Party on June 7, and the incident appeared to jolt the quiet election campaign to life.

Big-box battles

In the midst of cross-Canada combat among four big-box home improvement centers, Rexy Home Centres Inc., based in Surrey, B.C., became the first casualty. Rexy Inc. of Beaufortville, Que., bought Rexy, which markets under the names Rexy Revlonite and Lanning. The \$220-million deal will create the largest of the big-box

chains. It leaves European-controlled Rino-Dépôt Inc. of Montreal, which operates as the Baskin's Box outside Quebec, as the other major rival to U.S.-owned Home Depot Canada.

A word for the elders

Ontario Human Rights commissioner Keith Norton wants to abolish the province's mandatory retirement law. At present in Ontario, employees are permitted to request anyone 65 or older to retire. The federal government allows employees to work until they turn 70, while four provinces have eliminated the legal retirement age altogether.

THE GLASS IS NOW HALF FULL

So, is it over? Investors cautiously seemed to think so, as North American stocks rallied and analysts argued the bear market was behind them. Economists were more cautious, but Finance Minister Paul Martin—master of the lowered expectation—gave a ray view of Canada's prospects, even in the face of a sudden rise in inflation.

Boosted by the U.S. Federal Reserve Board's latest monetary cut, the Dow Jones industrial average soared past 11,000 for the first time since September. Fed chairman Alan Greenspan and his board brought the key U.S. rate down by half a percentage point for the fifth time this year, to four per cent, and hinted at another cut by June. While the Fed warned that the worst of the current downturn may not be over, the market's optimism seemed to suggest that the worst of the current downturn may not be over, the market's optimism seemed to suggest that the worst of the current downturn may not be over.



Martin
Greenspan

As for Martin, the Great Hedge said Canada's finances could weather any downturn, and still produced growth of 2.4 per cent this year. The current surplus of \$15 billion would go to paying down the \$564-billion national debt, he said, pledging to maintain his planned cut. He shrugged off the sudden spike in inflation, to 3.6 per cent in April. Martin said it was largely due to rising energy prices, rather than economy-wide. But banks were more pessimistic, some raised long-term mortgage charges, which, unlike short-term rates, reflect the market's thoughts about future inflation.



Be afraid, Gunter. Be very afraid.

If you listen closely enough, you can actually hear the Europeans shaking in their boots. What has them so frightened? The Subaru Legacy® GT, of course. We've combined sleek, sophisticated styling with the superior precision and control of All-Wheel Drive to create a driving experience as close to that of a true European sedan as is easy. To find out for yourself, visit us at www.subaru.ca or call 1-800-876-4AWD.

OIL-BURNING BUSH

Canadian energy producers were delighted. Environmentalists were appalled. Ottawa diplomats were wary. All thanks to U.S. President George W. Bush's long-awaited energy plan, which called for relaxed regulations on oil and gas exploration, now drilling on public lands are more support for nuclear power. The Canadian delight was understandable. Bush pledged oil Canada and Mexico as key suppliers to an energy-starved United States, and promised to make cross-border business easier. Canada already makes more than \$30 billion a year from U.S. energy sales, boosted lately by emergency

power classified by Bush's plan to expand oil fields. Bush's plan would speed construction of a long-discussed oilfield in Alaska from Alaska to Canada.

Canadian diplomats may have to clear their throats over Bush's controversial plan to allow energy exploration in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, on the Yukon border, which Ottawa opposes. Political analysts, though, believe the proposal will be stopped down by the U.S. Congress. Bush also promoted energy conservation, pledging help for fuel-efficient vehicles such as gas-electric hybrids. But many environmentalists saw the overall plan as bad news for efforts to fight global warming.



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CRUMBLING ALLIANCES

By John Geddes in Ottawa

Forget the euphoria of election victory, or even the despondency of defeat. Those moments of fleeting bliss or wretchedness do not shape a political party. It is more often the down-out internecine conflicts that define one. Today's Liberals tend to identify themselves not by the risks they played in securing Jean

Chretien but three consecutive majorities, but by the scan they got backing Chretien or Paul Martin in their rivalry for supremacy inside the party.

Conservatives trading old war stories may reach ideologically on Bruce McLeod's two election triumphs, but they revel in remembering who did what to whom back in 1983 when McLeod's party was showing Joe Clark out as leader. And now, the Canadian Alliance, whose members thought themselves a different breed, are creating their own line of internal strife.

**HOW A PARTY USED TO
THE MORAL HIGH GROUND
IS REWRITING THE BOOK
ON INTERNECINE STRIFE**

Judging from the rhetoric this fine Alliance civil war is generating, lying in the thick of it must be a bracing experience. For all their protestations that they wished it could be some other way, the dissenters who walked out on Stockwell Day last week looked energized and spoke proudly. "When loyalty to the leader comes

up against loyalty to the principles and policies upon which we were elected, then the decision we make is neither difficult nor optional," said Chuck Smith, the chief executive, his business dipping near the James

Earl Jones rage. In response, Day jured his clan towards the caucus and tried to sound magnanimous. "I regret the decision they have made," he said of the eight MPs who were suspended from caucus for calling for him to step down as leader, "and would have kept over time that they can be reconciled and find a way to return to the very democratic, generous principles of this party."

Five words from both camps, which came nowhere near capturing the raw, angry voice of this struggle. The Alliance is creating a new, unfamiliar terrain. The party's core activists consist of the Reform movement, where the bonding experience of creating an underlying political force, the shared inclinations of western population, and today to fighting leader Preston Manning made deep schisms all but unavoidable. "The Reform party tended to be a cohesive coalition," says Ken Kalopou, co-president of the Alliance national council. "But there are divisions forming within the Alliance—you support the leader or you don't support the leader, you look at policy one way or another way, you're a social conservative or a social moderate—things of that sort."

Holding parties together despite such strains is part of the daily grind of big-time politics. Kalopou says the national council, which is scheduled to meet last this week in Calgary, will try to find a way to do just that. But those 43 elites and leaders have their work cut out for them. The new fissures in the party cut deeply into their own ranks. Among the stars up for discussion is whether the council should throw out one of its best-known members, Rick Anderson, the former Manning adviser blamed by Day's inner circle for fomenting the caucus revolt.

Kalopou himself is in a tight position. As a top party official, he professes to support Day, but he also praises Anderson. And Kalopou is married to Nancy Brannstrom, in her own right an influential Alliance organizer and council member, who is more bluntly outspoken.

"The intensity of feeling against Stockwell Day is quite astonishing," Brannstrom told Maclean's. "What we are supposed to do, close ranks around him and let this dog out for three years and then let us off?" She doesn't want to do that.

So what do the anti-Day people want to do? Clearly, one hope of Day ending quickly evaporated as he dug in for a long, ugly last week. The Alliance constitution gives his opponents a chance to oust him in a leadership review over April at the party's annual convention. But he won't allow even a face that day of judgment—which is no surprise to his adversaries. They state publicly that Day made a wrong choice of winning majority support from convention delegates elected by riding associations. After all, Day proved in last year's Alliance leadership race—when he upset Manning by winning 65 per cent of 114,000 ballots cast—that he can mobilize support, particularly among staunchly anti-abortion social-conservative groups.

The losses the dump-Day forces waging a guerrilla campaign, to push him out well before the convention. If they succeed, it will not have been an uplifting outcome—as the victims of manure in the old parties who have found themselves cast in the Capote

Bligh role, from Joe Clark to John Turner, can arise. The dissidents must back away at Day's authority by keeping up the fighting that more new members are joining against him all the time.

This week, the mood may be set by Deborah Gray, the long-serving Alliance MP. It was largely her decision to resign as deputy leader last month, out of frustration with Day's error-prone performance, that spurred the party's unstable from serious to critical. Gray's Edmonton riding association is slated to vote on May 24 on whether to call for an early review of Day's leadership. If the vote goes against the leader, Gray might openly call for Day to step down—and many Alliance MPs and rank and file would take that signal very seriously.

Day needs to quickly compare up a new sort of professionalism in the face of intense pressure. One positive development



In better times, Stockwell Day and Mike Harris were political opponents, not at each other.

Day loyalists also hope from the history of troubled opposition leaders—including Chretien—whose failures earned for the better when they surrounded themselves with new talent. Bob Dechert, national co-ordinator of the Alliance and one of Day's fiercest defenders, draws a parallel to the career of Ontario Premier Mike Harris. After losing a provincial election in 1990, Harris was widely written off as having the right stuff. Then he acquired a cadre of inspired aids—the so-called old-line Conservative Revolution—and went on to form two successive Tory majority governments. "I am similarities between Mike Harris and Stockwell Day," Dechert says. "The one difference is that Stock doesn't have a crack team of dedicated, smart advisers."

He needs to assemble one—and fast. His opponents will try to maintain an atmosphere of apathy so no bright lights will be scripted to sign on. Though it is all, bonds of loyalty will be forged and walls of distrust blown up. "You learn a lot more about your teammates in difficult times than you ever will when things are easy," Alliance MP Brian Pallister, who is making with Day, carefully observed. Lessons of that sort are not soon forgotten. In years to come, winners of this conflict will be remembering which side they were on in 2001 when things got ugly. ■

Canada

BACK TO THE LAND

THE B.C. LIBERALS SCORE BIG, BUT THE TREATY ISSUE TARNISHES THEIR ELECTION WIN

While protesters targeted Campbell, the NDP won the provincial mandate



BY CHRIS WOOD in Lillooet

Cold wind blows down from the snowfields, pulling smoke away from the fire. From the shelter of a blue cap, Brian Grandbois squints at the weather. His grey-streaked hair is pulled into a ponytail and tucked into his camouflage jacket, brown and white feathers flutter from his bandaging cap. He says he is a St'at'imc—a member of the First Nation claiming this southwestern B.C. mountain pass as its own. The day after the provincial election, Grandbois is one of the few British Columbians who does not know that Gordon Campbell and his Liberal party have carried the province in an expected victory worthy of the history books.

But the St'at'imc keep their own history. In it, one white government is very much like another. And none is likely to be good to the 3,000 or so St'at'imc in their ruggedly beautiful mountain northeast of the jet-set playground of

Whistler. Grandbois himself did not cast a ballot. That would admit to being a Canadian, a reason against his people's claim to sovereignty over the Lillooet, Campbell and lower Chehalis ranges. But he knows the Liberals want all British Columbians to vote within a year in a referendum on native land claims, which cover most of British Columbia's landmass. "They're selling the red-neck, racist, anti-native sentiment," Grandbois says when informed of the election result.

"White people in the province fear losing their land. It's all playing on that." When the premier-elect is really thinking of it in terms of the promised referendum is a mystery. But of the many commentators Campbell made on the way to his epic win, this one was the most puzzling—and potentially unnecessary. For months, the election result seemed like a foregone conclusion long out of patience with watching

incomes stall and services decay under the New Democrats. British Columbians finally gave the Liberals 57.5 per cent of their ballots on May 16, and 76 of 79 legislative seats—including the one held by NDP Premier Ujal Dosanjh. As voters on the left drifted to the Greens (2.4 per cent) and Marijuana Party (3.2), the NDP was cut to three seats—no few votes to qualify for party status.

Canada

In victory, Campbell pressed again what most voters clearly felt is long overdue in British Columbia. "A thriving economy, a superb health system and an education system second to none." Yet of all his undertakings—numerous enough to be itemized for voter convenience on his party's Web site—none rises more politically dangerous for his gain than the commitment to put the native treaty process to a vote. No group is clamouring for such a referendum. The idea is below arbitrariness

and, as opposed by resource companies. Even among the one-quarter of British Columbians who live outside major cities, where the notion was originally aimed at shoring up the Liberal right, it is at best deeply divisive.

It is also one issue most capable of trapping all of the rest of Campbell's agenda to a bloody mess.

To understand why one must look beyond the Vancouver-Whistler axis that does much of the B.C. wrangle. Party members north of the world-famous party zone, just past Pemberton, a roadside sign declares "Entering St'at'imc Territory."

In the meantime," says Mayor Kevin Taylor. "We were out of completely for over two weeks in the [1990] Chin crisis." Even when the roads are open, Lillooet isn't booming. For-sale signs once littered election posters last week, amid the worst economic crisis in 30 years. "It's 70 per cent dead," says Taylor, "in the wilderness." Campbell insists that only provincewide vote on treaty negotiations—and the underlying, prickly issue of special status for aboriginals—can lay the basis for settling the claims of British Columbia's 168,000 natives with "equality, courtesy and dignity." From here, it is hard to see how Nations

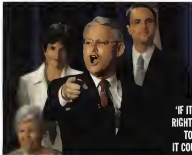
of support to go to an referendum," he says, "just to settle something." But down the street, Wendy Fraser disagrees. Born and raised here, she edits the *Bridge River-Lillooet News*—and doesn't want her community put at risk for a vote she believes will settle nothing. "Campbell's plan," she warns earlier this month, "is fraught with danger, playing to cynicism and rebellion." She urged him to drop the idea. "Nobody," she tells Macdonald, "wants a long, hot summer."

But every in and outside of town, think it may now be inevitable. Further up the highway some out of town, a white couple in a neat home on a pretty lake say they voted Liberal for the same reason everyone else did to get rid of the NDP. But they fear how both sides will react to a treaty referendum. "We're just waiting," the woman confides, "to see whether it's a native or a white who goes after first." With emotions running high, they also ask not to be identified. Houses have been burnt. The RCMP is at least away. "We have to live in fear," she says.

A few miles more along the mountain highway, tribal council chairman Robert Shishik of the Lillooet band, St'at'imc nation, offers little comfort. Like Grandbois, he did not vote in what he considers a foreign election. He says Canadian law, including the *Chiefs of Rights and Freedoms*, means nothing to St'at'imc warriors. "There's never even been. When government, by law, should simply withdraw and leave the mountains to St'at'imc rule," Jack, stick and bowl. "And if there's any more from the barrel of a gun, Shishik will not be surprised—or much perturbed. "If he goes right down to it," he says over coffee in the large room home, behind a stove where he sells crafts, a pouch of cedar and fuel (the law, no-fire to travel), "it could be bloodshed. We really don't care anymore. It's like that all over Indian country."

'IF IT GETS RIGHT DOWN TO IT, IT COULD BE BLOODSHED,' SAYS ONE NATIVE LEADER

Campbell insists that a referendum is the only solution to a prickly problem



Overhead, a banner adorns that this is the house of "Saskatchewan, the Winter Spirit," and, conversely, "Respect our land." From here, it is an hour of low-gear game, happen name and veritable drop-off in Grandbois' middle school. The loss to it per information booth, part survey for an endorsement of about 20 people—native and non-aboriginal—blockading a scheduled race where Canada's skiing overhauled Nancy Greene, and her husband, Al Raine, went to build a \$500-million ski resort.

Thirty minutes more bring you to Lillooet. The former Gold Rush town on the Fraser River is now home to about 7,000 people—mostly non-native fantasy workers. Mountains surround the town, while three 40-second trails snake through to the outside world. All have been closed in times by native blockades. "We ought

consider those to be code words for undermining their sovereign rights to land and self-government." (The great majority of B.C. native bands cover significant issues with the provincial government, which until 1990 refused to negotiate them.) In any vote between competing native and non-native interests, moreover, natives are outnumbered 23 to one. Just by citing the idea, one tribal leader warned Campbell in March, he claims, "what happened to Canada?"

Taylor from a vote will place Lillooet under siege again. But after a decade of fruitless talk about land claims, he is also running out of choices. "There is a high level

of anger and fear [the law, no-fire to travel], "it could be bloodshed. We really don't care anymore. It's like that all over Indian country."

That is to say, one party snafu all of British Columbia beyond Vancouver and its suburbs. It's an attitude that will take more than 76 out of 79 seats, more votes than referendum ballots, to change.

Thinking of an idyllic summer retreat? Dream on. Peace and privacy are fantasies. Overcrowding and sky-high prices—
not to mention noise—are the new realities

Paradise Lost

By JOHN DEMONT
in Kingsburg

The movie begins the moment your car reaches the crest of the hill that first time. You're still jittery from the 24-hour drive from Toronto or disoriented from catching the red-eye from Calgary. But now you're imagining a place where the sullen teen next door does not flick cigarette butts into your spouse's prized peonies. A place where nobody cares how big your work cubicle is or whether your son only plays house-league hockey. Where nature is not defined as a few forlorn-looking animals at the piling sun behind a suburban utility yard. And where the sound of a bear's something is less serene than Eminem's asking him a made car driver if someone who looks suspiciously like a young ory Soprano.

As you draw nearer, the sun is rising off the tip of Gulf Point on Nova Scotia's incandescent South Shore. Kingsburg beach glazes white against the deep blue of the ocean. At the distance, a Cape Breton fishing boat puts out to sea. Now you can see yourself blowing the steam off a cup of

coffee while you stare out at the same scene from the wooden deck of one of the summer homes below. You fantasize about days that begin with the birds' call from a curtain of mist and end in an Adirondack chair peering up into a star-filled sky. In between, you're sure, lie serene afternoon on the perfect crescent beach, snooze in the hammock, stroll to the fishermen's wharf for freshly caught lobster. You picture a refuge that will be your childhood and grandchildren's, a place somehow ever untouched, unspoiled, no matter what the rest of your life may hold.

Ahh... If only it were so easy to turn those fantasies into enchanted scenarios. Now for the reality check. The bugs, day-high gas prices and kids who'd rather stay home and play Nintendo are bad enough. But there are big questions beyond that: have you got a quarter-million to slip down on a half-acre property on British Columbia's Stopping Island? Are you content to sit out on a dock of a Pisitide lake, where the city of the

doors of a gateway place are timeless and immutable: peace, quiet, privacy, safety, relaxation, that ineffable summer magic. Would *Robyns*, the author, architect and social historian, call the cottage "an antidote to the city." In Canada, the country gateway is etched deeply in the national fabric. How else to explain *Two Sold the Cottage*, Martha and the Muffin! 1980s punk pizza to "pickle bushes/bloodsuckers between the toes on the lake bottom filling out of the forlorn bays by the champagne that lived underneath the house." Or that cottage life can even figure in the debate on Parliament Hill, when earlier this month Max Sporko, a senator and cottage owner from Winnipeg, introduced a bill that would grant summer homeowners across Canada the right to ban "boomerangs" (personal watercraft) from lakes and rivers.

In a country so blessed with rugged beauty, perhaps it's only natural that cottage ownership is such a common dream. A survey by Royal LePage Real Estate Services Ltd. released earlier this month

SOME PROVINCES, CONCERNED ABOUT ALL THE 'OUTSIDERS,' HAVE ENACTED RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION



look its distant memory, learning instead to the Sea-Door near? No one is suggesting the summer home has to stay frozen in the past. And make no mistake: Canada is still a cottage's popular playground outside each nation's largest city still an intriguing tale. In the Muskoka region, a two-hour drive north of Toronto, a high-end property may occasionally top \$2.7 million—still a far cry from New York's Hamptons, where summer residences fetch \$20 million. Yet even in big, underpopulated Canada, the price of paradise is soaring. It's the gift as well as the dollar, the persistence blurring the summer people for their rising no rates, the environmentalists complaining about what the influx of cottagers is doing to the woods, waters and the latest endangered seabird. Your money is more than welcome. But for every unwilling Rube Goldberg delighted to see you, there seems to be a scolding local grumbler about how those damned outsiders are gobbling up too much of their land.

Not that anybody with full-blown lust for a cottage—and yes, summer places go by other names, but cottage is the most common term in Canada—really worries about such things. What's it's a cabin in the Rockies, a chalet among the spires in Quebec or a rustic camp on a far-off river in New Brunswick, the attrac-

tions of a gateway place are timeless and immutable: peace, quiet, privacy, safety, relaxation, that ineffable summer magic. Would *Robyns*, the author, architect and social historian, call the cottage "an antidote to the city." In Canada, the country gateway is etched deeply in the national fabric. How else to explain *Two Sold the Cottage*, Martha and the Muffin! 1980s punk pizza to "pickle bushes/bloodsuckers between the toes on the lake bottom filling out of the forlorn bays by the champagne that lived underneath the house." Or that cottage life can even figure in the debate on Parliament Hill, when earlier this month Max Sporko, a senator and cottage owner from Winnipeg, introduced a bill that would grant summer homeowners across Canada the right to ban "boomerangs" (personal watercraft) from lakes and rivers.

In a country so blessed with rugged beauty, perhaps it's only natural that cottage ownership is such a common dream. A survey by Royal LePage Real Estate Services Ltd. released earlier this month showed that 10 per cent of Canadians own recreational property. But demand so outstrips supply that for every person wanting to sell, there's one a hawking to buy. The baby boomers are driving the market, says David Foot, the author of *Boats, Boat Life and a University of Toronto economist*. "They are well into their 50s now," notes Foot, who owns a four-lake property in rural Ontario. "The kids are gone, they have money to spend, they want some peace and quiet. What better place than a cottage?"

Many of the boomers are looking for a place to retire, not just to spend a few weeks every summer. Others have their own owner: the dot-com millionaires picking up properties in British Columbia and Ontario are looking for a little old-style status; for the sports and Hollywood stars who so sometimes their neighbors, the motivations are usually privacy and a better bays for their U.S. bucks than in the United States.

No wonder prices in Canada have gone through the roof in Ontario's Waupo Beach—where prices have climbed by an estimated 50 per cent in the past five years—\$350,000 gets a basic three-bedroom place. At Alberni's Sylvia Lake, a standard 95-square-meter cabin on a 30.5-acre site for \$300,000, and in Cranbrook, B.C., an ordinary property goes for \$250,000.

The Maritimes still offer some of the best deals around, even if the sea is no longer a closely guarded secret. Armageddon by the water's edge of the Canadian dollar, Americans now own an estimated 30 per cent of the vacation properties in Prince Edward Island. Across the Northumberland Strait in Cape Breton, chances are that when a summer property is sold, the buyer may be a well-off German who can pick up a waterfront lot on the mainling 600 of Ot Lake for \$50,000—a fraction of what it would cost, if something comparable were available, back in Europe. The land near has Maritimes worried: the P.E.I. government already nukes non-off-province buyers to owning no more than 50 m of waterfront. Nova



The view from a dock in Kingsburg takes in a market that according to Douglas still has plenty of appeal.

Scots is rushing through a series of hearings to determine the best way to prevent non-residents, who already own 16 per cent of the province's 7,600-km coast, from buying up city time.

The backwash hasn't scared the well-off foreigners away. What they want more of all is something on Nova Scotia's South Shore, where prices for vacation properties have doubled in the past decade. In Lunenburg County, settled in the mid-18th century by fiery Swiss-German farmers and fishermen, the local delicacy used to be home-made mackerel. Nowadays, the local supermarket sells thick-cut mackerel and balsamic vinegar, and it could be argued that more elegant restaurants dot the coast of Mahone Bay than are found in the rest of Nova Scotia.

The province's tourism boom is partly responsible for the transformation. So are the summer folk attracted by the rugged scenery, interesting towns and unique culture. The three counties along the South Shore and some 1,600 property-tax bills to non-residents—Canadians from other provinces, but also Germans and Americans—who own coastal properties. A recent decline in the euro versus Canadian currency slowed the influx of German money. But obviously somebody is still buying: those days, some properties do not last the week when the Realists come on up. "Let's just say this ain't a market with plenty of upside," says Bob Douglas, owner of a Mahone Bay real estate firm whose current listings include a 405-hectare acre South Shore island for \$2.5 million.

A visit to Kingsburg, nestled in a rugged bay that juts into the Atlantic Ocean, illustrates the faces at work. Fifty years ago, it

was a self-contained village populated by hardworking descendants of the original settlers. Then, in the 1970s, the big fish plant burst down, the Atlantic fishery began to slow down and the young left for better job prospects. Today, more of the old buildings, once empty with their roofs caving in, have been poised up by owners with noses unfamiliar to the area—university professors from Connecticut, an insurance dealer from Virginia, a business consultant from Ottawa, a classical musician from Chicago, a transport from Halifax. Prices have soared, and with land around Kingsburg going for \$267,000 per hectare on the coast—and a cedar-shingled house on a 1.6-hectare lot fetching more than \$450,000 recently—everything seems to be for sale. "The more new homes around here the better," exclaims Carole-Anne Mosher, who owns a pair of summer rental properties in the area and whose husband traces his family back to Kingsburg's first European settlers.

But almost all of the village's old dates are gone now. The distinctive South Shore accent is heard less and less. In Kingsburg, one of the coastal parishes of modern culture seems to be at work: once something, is deemed genuine and authentic—whether it's an island in the Caribbean or a fishing village in Nova Scotia—people flock to it, in the process transforming the very thing that attracted them in the first place. In the end, maybe that's the true price of paradise.

Should cottage security legislation be more strictly enforced? www.thecanadianpress.com

Mammon's Little Acre

The Victoria Day weekend marked the unofficial start of the summer holiday season. But getting away from it all isn't what it used to be, as *Mammon's* Bureau Chiefs Brian Bergman in Calgary and Brenda Branswell in Montreal and Associate Editor Susan MacClelland in Toronto discovered when they took a look at some of the more popular vacation destinations in their areas. The exception was British Columbia, where Vancouver Bureau Chief Ken MacQueen soon discovered that, with the exception of Whistler, recreational properties are still relatively affordable and accessible. Their reports:

HEAVEN, JUST AN HOUR AWAY

When Doris Hager and her husband, Todd Wilton, went searching for a waterfront recreational property, the North Vancouver couple set themselves a challenge—a home-to-cabin commute of 90 minutes, maximum. Wilton, owner of a project management firm, and Hager, owner of an interior design company, were after "peace of mind," not an epic trek that would cut into their precious off-hours.

The answer was a quiet gem, almost in their backyard. They bought a vacant two-hectare site with 102 m of shoreline on Gambier Island in Howe Sound. Their commute is a 15-minute drive from home to the Hoonah Bay ferry terminal in West Vancouver, and a 30-minute water-taxi ride to the dock at West Bay Landing, a 48-lot development on Gambier. "By the time you get there," says Hager, "you're already winding down."

Vancouver has punishing residential and estate prices, but recreational properties are a relative bargain due, in part, to a sluggish economy. As well, Vancouverites have a tradition of not tying themselves to one place, but taking advantage of all the options at their disposal, from ski lifts to shoreline to wilderness. Still, according



to Ozzie Jacob, publisher of a real estate advice newsletter, "People with money are buying recreational properties right now."

Urban OVALs—Ozzie People, Active Lifestyle—are generating most of the local demand, says Jacob. But it's shoppers with healthy U.S. dollars who are driving the hottest market. Whistler-Blackcomb, the ski mecca turned all-season resort: "Whistler is 28 per cent American buyers and they don't really care about price," he says.

By contrast, Howe Sound islands like Gambier and Keats are a steal. Prices for recreational property peaked in 1994, says Prudential Sales Realty agent Steve Sawyer of Gibsons. "I could put you in a cabin, with a view, nice little place and basic indoor plumbing for \$80,000," says Sawyer, who ferries clients to showings aboard his 15-m boat. Large waterfront acreages at Gambier, where Hager and Wilton bought, range from \$128,000 to \$325,000.

For the moment, there is nothing on Hager and Wilton's site but a primitive bunkhouse. They hope to have a one-bedroom cottage framed and enclosed by fall. They'll eventually add a larger home, too. "It's a little piece of heaven," Hager says. Just an hour from home.

Enjoying the waters of Lake Wadsworth in southeastern British Columbia

A NICE LITTLE B.C. MINING TOWN

Call it the Calgary invasion. With Banff National Park and nearby Canmore developed to the max, Calgaryans in search of a weekend or summer retreat have been casting their eyes farther west. Many are finding what they're looking for along a 250-km swath of mountains, rivers and lakes stretching from Golden, B.C., down the Columbia Valley to Fernie—all of it within a three-hour drive of Calgary. Fleeting the sort of economic miracle that boomed times ago, Albertans are transforming this once-dry corner of southeastern British Columbia into a four-season playground of mountain cottages, alpine resorts and 18-hole golf courses. Not everyone is impressed. "They are spilling what brings people here in the first place," complains David Theoret, a town councillor in Fernie. "What was great about the place was that it wasn't Banff or Whistler—it was a nice little mining town in the Rockies."

Fernie is perhaps an extreme case, having been recently hyped as the next great ski resort in everything from *London's Daily Mail* to *Rolling Stone*. But



place. But that's not all. A seldom-used railway track that ran past their front yard has since been converted to a cycling path. While the cyclists aren't a problem, snowmobiles use the route in winter. The Mangers and their neighbours counted 700 snowmobiles tearing by on one winter day alone. "It's noisy and on top of that it's a Ski-Doo mania; to they pass by 24 hours a day," complains Chaudron. As a result, the couple has launched a discussion with 450 other residents. And that, no doubt, was never part of their retirement plan.

LOUD IN THE LAURENTIANS

Chirping, chirping and twittering birds are soothing noises at any cottage. But people who live along the tree-lined shore of Lac Outarné in the Laurentians often hear what they consider a far less welcome sound—the loud drone of hydroplanes zipping off and landing in mere 20 seconds a day in the summer. "It disrupts all possible conversations," complains Claude David, a year-round resident. "It feels like we're living in hell." But Pierre Rousset, director of op-

eration for Aviation Whistler, which oversees the rightsway flights, says residents shouldn't be surprised. The lake, he notes, has been a hydroplane base since the early 20th century.



And besides, Rousset adds, he is offering a valuable service by showing off the area to Europeans, Japanese and American visitors. "All the locals support us," he adds. "Tourism is important."

Now more than ever. With the highest ski lifts in the La-

urentians and premier lakes, the Mont-Tremblant area has long been a favourite weekend haunt for Monties. But in 1991, Innoserv Corp.—the Vancouver-based developer behind British Columbia's popular Whistler-Blackcomb complex—snapped up the struggling ski resort. Along with an ongoing massive development project has come a dramatic increase in the numbers of visitors. Last year alone, 2.3 million ventured to the region.

Many find what they want—and swapped up some property. That, in turn, helped drive up the area's real estate

"Tourism is important," says hydroplane operator Rousset, who flies over Mont-Tremblant and surrounding areas

prices. On Lac Tremblant, accessibility to the ski hills, increasingly scarce waterfront lots now fetch close to \$1 million, says Paul Dubois, owner of the local Royal LePage franchise. Even vacant lots on nearby lakes have shot up in price. "What sold for \$125,000 three, four years ago," Dubois notes, "is now selling for about \$250,000 and more."

Yvan and Claudette Bélanger have learned first-

hand just what a tourist boom can mean. The former teachers bought their wood bungalow with an three-sided veranda on nearby Lac Meris in 1980

and moved in full time after they retired in 1997. "The traffic was 100 times less on the main road." Yvan says of the time when they bought the

more established tourist communities, such as Invermere and Windermere, nestled in the middle of the Columbia Valley, are also booming. Local Realtor Rose Newhouse, who estimates Calgary makes up 80 per cent of his clients, says the price of an average "entry-level" three-bedroom cottage near Lake Windermere has doubled over the past decade, to about \$203,000. Properties floating onto the lake, he adds, have tripled in value, to the point that a 50-year-old non-waterside cabin will go for a minimum of \$500,000. New owners are tearing down the old cabins and replacing them with 5,000-square-foot summer residences—to call their cottages it to laugh—that can sell for up to \$2 million.

Invermere Mayor Mark Stangagelos acknowledges some of the community's 3,000 permanent residents don't like the way the influx of seasonal residents is inflating local rents and housing prices. It's particularly hard, he adds, for those in the low-wage tourism sector to find affordable accommodation. On the other hand, says Stangagelos, the tourists provide much-needed construction and service jobs, and support a variety of shops, restaurants and recreational amenities that wouldn't otherwise exist. Even critics like Pamela Thomas concede the point. "99 like the fact that Calgary is there and it brings people who spend money," he says. "We're very happy to be part of the Alberta hinterland." Just not at any cost. ■

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MUSKOKA

Breacher O'Brien's eyes sparkle when he talks about canoeing in a child to McGinnis Rock on Lake Joseph. "I would swim for hours in the caves of the split rock that lies in the lake," remembers the 52-year-old retired Toronto lawyer. Going to McGinnis was a special summer ritual for O'Brien, whose parents started vacationing in the Muskoka area in 1899. His children inherited the experience when O'Brien built a small cottage on an island just south of the rock. But the legacy won't be passed down to O'Brien's two-year-old granddaughter. Today, a huge cottage flanks the top of the majestic point and a large boat-house is being built on the shore. "To go there would feel like trespassing," says O'Brien, fondly. "It's someone's backyard now."



■ McGinnis Rock in 1928 was a popular spot for children to visit. Today, a massive barge sits the top of the point (right)

optimists that development would boost the area's job and industry revenues, the average annual income for permanent residents across one of the lowest in Ontario at \$22,000.

There has also been environmental dissent. In each of 1989 and 1995, golf course construction was responsible for a large sedimentation spill into adjacent lakes, prompting the province to launch a series of studies examining the effects of development on the environment. "It's not that we don't want development, but we just don't know the long-term consequences on fish habitat and water quality," says Susan Pyles, mayor of the Township of Muskoka Lakes. "The clear lakes and laid-back lifestyle of Muskoka are

commodities we can't afford to lose."

Both are on the line, though. Since 1991, about 200 new cottages in the district of Muskoka have been built each year, and the trend, say local officials, is likely to continue. Disappearing are many of the simpler traditions that lured people to cottage country in the first place. It's increasingly difficult, for instance, to find a shoreline hiking trail that doesn't traverse a manicured lawn. "Muskoka buyers have probably never thought before," says Helen McNabb, a Port Carling real estate agent. "They want mansions with all the bells and whistles and to be near a golf course and a town." That's a far different view of paradise than cottages like O'Brien would recognize.

People

Edited by Shonda Drost

3DEEP SHOWS A SHALLOW SIDE

It's a television appearance, two of the man-boys of pop band 3Deep—Joshua Morrow and CJ Hayer—pose with a Match-Music VJ who has taken his shirt off in solidarity with the eye-candy group. Later, watching the taped interview in their hotel room, Morrow and Hayer are howling. The VJs' attire is a perfect example of a normal man's upper body, but Morrow, hosed to Chippendale perfection, isn't impressed. "That's disgusting," says Morrow, staring at the hapless VJ. "Like, dude, haven't you ever heard of a gym?"

Fortunately, the members of 3Deep are not always so naïve. They don't take themselves too seriously, and even joke about their own burr-headed videos. Twenty-seven-year-old Morrow, whose day job is playing Nicholas Newman on *The Young and the Restless*, admits that learning guitar is the hardest thing he's ever done. Eddie Cibriel, 27, absent due to his work on the popular TV show *Third Watch*, lent the other guys rehearsal time using a phone passed on the head of a blow-up doll. And Pickingap, One, a native Hayer, 27, is earnest and disarming when talking about his passion for all music. A sign that still waters may run deep.



Cibriel, Hayer and Morrow with their shirts on

LEAVING LAS VEGAS

Being an admirer of sports medicine has always been Krista Wingfield's dream, but first she has to win the crown. In 1995, Wingfield had an offer from the University of British Columbia medical school and a job offer from Cirque du Soleil. The Vancouverite's background in competitive gymnastics and diving made her an obvious choice for the Montreal performance troupe, who were prepping their first Las Vegas show, *Alydus*—an aerial acrobatic ballet featuring a combination of bungee jumping and trapeze.

Two weeks after turning down UBC, Wingfield wondered if she'd made the right decision. "I destroyed my lower diving some crazy dance jump," she says. The other performers left for Vegas and Wingfield stayed behind for liver surgery and three months of rehabilitation. But she made it to Toronto Island Casino for opening night. "I still couldn't run or do acrobatics," says Wingfield, "but I was enjoying playing drums."



Wingfield far away through mid-air school

After two years of bungee tricks in San Gey, Wingfield returned to Vancouver in 1996 to pursue medicine. She graduated last week and will start her residency in July. But first, the 30-year-old is doing some expense man work in a Folger coffee commercial. For this doctor, life's a circus.

Rakoff the raconteur

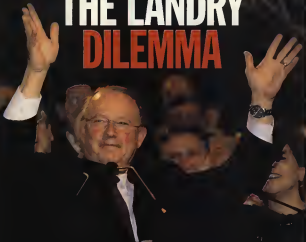
How it comes to hot new social commentators, they don't come from behind closed doors than New York City writer David Rakoff. Gay, Jewish and Canadian-born, Rakoff shows in *Frant*, his first book, an outsider's perspective that is both funny and profoundly empathetic. "Why should I make fun of people because they're not like me?" asks the 30-year-old of the last victims he met in locales as varied as Luch Nuss and an Upstate New York bookstore, almost presided over by Hollywood actors like Steven Seagal. "Anyone can get off a cigar at an obvious target—but that's like eating a bag of white sugar, not terribly interesting."

Rakoff grew up in Toronto, the son of eminent psychiatrist Milton Rakoff and his physician wife, Gina Shostak-Rakoff, dreaming of living in New York. He headed there at 17 to attend Columbia University and, except for a



An NYC essayist says he'd the eager peer in Japan and another book in Toronto being treated for Hodgkin's disease when he was 22, has never left. In Rakoff's arctic essays, the likes of New Jersey survivalists, Southern who believe in tails and even Seagal himself appear first as friends open for slandering but then emerge as glib, well-rounded personalities. Not that Rakoff doesn't pass judgment when he thinks it's called for. The critically beloved Roberts Seagal, creator of the Holocene comedy film *It's Beautiful—It's Me*, who, morally reprehensible film to Rakoff—brings and this add in the New Yorker. What called for the Italian actor, he says, A Film Called Rakoff? "If you stay right," Rakoff says of his reporting, "you'll eventually see who is irredeemably culpable."

THE LANDRY DILEMMA



BY BRENDA BRANSWELL

Jean-François Joly used to be a believer. In the 1970s, as a young optometrist building up his business in his home town of Joliette, Que., he was swayed by former premier René Lévesque's charisma and supported sovereignty as a way of saving Quebec's language and culture. The intervening years have brought middle age, grey hair, a souvenir picture of him and American golfer Mark O'Meara hanging on the wall—and a political change of heart. His faith began to lapse in the 1990s with the explosion of corporate mergers, the soft-spoken Joly explains matter-of-factly in his small office 65 km northeast of Montreal. That led him to conclude that "there is no one who improves by getting smaller." Joly, 54, also thinks the province has succeeded in protecting Quebec's culture and feels the French language is less threatened today. The result of that evolution? "I would never vote for separation," Joly says bluntly.

Cas such sentiments be reversed? Yes, if another son of the Jolieters like Bernard Landry *fortuitously* take one committed sovereigntist, place him at the head of the national Parti Québécois, and view—again—to strongly promote the secession of Quebec from Canada. Since taking over in March from Lucien Bouchard, the new Quebec premier has reaffirmed his commitment to separatism and taken the opportunity to lambast Ottawa whenever he can, all the while proclaiming "Quebec is one nation" with the regularity of radio weather forecasts. At 64, an age when many people are on the cusp of retirement—and more than 30 years after he helped found the PQ—Landry still exudes the zeal of a young party activist. But will it be enough?

Few people expect Landry to stage a sovereignty referendum before calling a general election. He may go on the polls as early as next fall, but, like his predecessor, Landry may win office and then lose the larger battle. Among some voters, there is a sense that the Québécois are peddling a dated idea based on old grievances. Others say sovereignty is not the issue—social concerns are. And in the party's board of nationalists at odds with an evolving, multi-faceted Quebec in which many francophones feel more secure about their language and culture? Landry clearly does not think so, and to some degree the numbers bear him out. Separatism is far from a spent force: since Landry became premier, support for sovereignty has inched up slightly, to 46 per cent from 43 per cent a year ago, according to a recent sounding by Léger Marketing. But the movement seems stuck at the 10-year line, with no obvious way to score a much-needed. Lévesque tried in 1980, and went down to defeat at the hands of the federalist goliath from Ottawa, Pierre Trudeau. Jacques Parsonnet tried again in 1995, in a lockdown after that was, at the diabolical hour, revitalized by Bouchard, then leader of the federal Bloc Québécois and a high-profile defector from the Mulroney cabinet once, yes, the Quebec ques-

tion, that a 49-4 per cent Yes vote, however close, would not a majority, and in the wake of that loss, the passion waned. When he came home from Ottawa as Parsonnet's successor, Stasi Lacien could not ignore nationalist fervor, in spite of his cheaters and currency with Québec voters. Some Québécois, including the even-tempered Parsonnet, blamed that failure on Bouchard's alleged lack of commitment to

in January after Yves Michaud, 70, a high-profile and longtime PQ supporter, made some much-publicized derogatory comments about Joly and their lack of support for the PQ. In an up-of pace in the daily Le Devoir, Michaud and 14 other young people denounced Michaud and the involvement of old-style separatism in divide Quebec along ethnic lines. "They experienced another social reality of Quebec, as they continue to hold to that doctrine," she says, referring to the era when an envelope this dominated the business community. Michaud's world is different. She is one of the so-called children of Bill 101, the legislation that enshrined the primacy of French in Quebec. Her classmates and friends, meanwhile, come from many ethnic backgrounds. But in one respect she shares: Michaud and Michaud is still involved in politics. Many of her peers are not.



The premier may talk a good line, but Joly (above) says, "I would never vote for separation."

The PQ has reaffirmed its commitment to sovereignty, but are Quebecers ready to follow?

the cause. Others, though, say the trouble is not in the messages, or the marketing. "The problem," says former Lévesque cabinet minister Claude Chénou, "is the product itself."

In spite of the Scottish origins of her name, Audrey McKeown is very much a francophone. Growing up in Montreal off with a cigarette in one hand, spurring big after big earnings and finally not long, she is also coming after. Maybe too coming for some old-style Québécois. The 24-year-old university student and sovereigntist behind two action

A large majority of young Quebecers say they back sovereignty. But that support has slipped, according to Montreal pollster Jean-Marc Léger. And even among those who identify themselves as sovereigntists, the firm is lacking. "For the moment it's not their debate," Léger notes. "It's the debate of a generation of baby boomers." PQ campaign worker Gérard Boudinot confirms that. He spent the few young people at the polls last month in the by-election in Montreal's Mercier riding—a PQ stronghold whose loss to the Liberals sent shock waves through separatist circles. "I think young people are more concerned now with employment," says Boudinot. "They are not anti-Québécois or anti-Liberal. They are apolitical."

Like Richard Dallaire's children. As he nurses a drink in the fading sun on the patio of a Trois-Rivières bar, the 47-year-old mechanical technician describes himself as a "unionist, a separatist and socialist." His activism is typical of many early sovereigntists: he has taken part in numerous union protests, and last month travelled to Quebec City to demonstrate in the Summer of the Americas. Over the years, Dallaire's commitment to sovereignty has not waned—he refers to Quebec as his "page," his country. In one

breath, Dallaire says he puts his faith in his children's generation to help make Quebec a sovereign country. But in the end, he acknowledges that "young people today are depoliticized." Dallaire cites his 21-year-old daughter and 18-year-old son as examples. "They don't have the same political sense that my son had."

Such apathy may simply be a small fissure rather than a glaring crack in the PQ armor. For a party trying to dislodge the sovereignty debate again, it's not an encouraging development. Publicly, some older PQers acknowledge they must reach out to attract younger members. Privately, one can imagine them reliving past sovereignty battles and complaining that young people these days are not—want for it—naïve enough.

But if sovereignty is an uphill battle, how better to fight it than Landry? In high school at the Séminaire de Joliette, near his home town of St-Jacques-de-Montcalm, he stood out as a natural leader and spirited debater. Former classmate Serge Barreault remembers him as lively, and tireless. "He was a very intelligent type with an extraordinary facility with words," says Barreault, whose father, Armand, was, briefly, leader of the Union National party and Quebec premier in 1960. He chafes at the mem-



Although McKenna is a sovereigntist, she doesn't share the old-style PQ vision of Quebec

Yor he was not, at first, a natural campaigner. "He had some difficulties in getting his message across," acknowledges René Chénier, who worked on Landry's unsuccessful bids to get elected in Joliette in 1970 and 1973 as a PQ candidate. During a stop in one village, Chénier recalls,

his colleague Denis Lanoie: "They were the two diogenes," he recalls. Landry had held several high-profile positions over the years—disputing having a hot sweater and a bench for taxidermians. In 1988, for instance, he quoted—shades of Michael—that making the minimum requirement for a pro-sovereignty vote more than 50 per cent would risk "giving a vote right to our competitors, brothers and sisters from cultural conservatism, on our national project. We can't do that." In other words, those pesky minorities again.

Now ensconced in the job he has coveted since his youth, Landry often zooms out economic arguments in favour of sovereignty. "I am convinced not only that Canada has no use, but that it has been harmful," he declared soon after becoming premier. Landry also claims that, in an era of globalization, sovereignty is necessary to protect Quebec's uniqueness. "The people of Quebec cannot put at risk their language, their culture and their economic interests through their absence at international forums," he de-

'GATHER IN THE HERD AND SHUT THE DOORS'

Last October, Franco-Ontarian novelist Daniel Poliquin created a sensation in Quebec—some would call it a scandal—with the French-language publication of *In the Name of the Father: An Essay on Quebec Nationalism*. In his polemic, the Ottawa-based writer skewered many of the separatist movement's sacred cows. In the *Name of the Father* is now available in English. An excerpt.

The intellectuals of the beginning of the 20th century began to preach the misadaptation of New France's politics. Which led to the apocalyptic denigration that, in 1929, prophesied the extinction of the Quebec people. Quick, we must gather in the herd and shut the doors. Whether the language or the methods have changed. Here is the nub of the argument. French language and culture will survive only if Quebec is independent. Otherwise, death is imminent. Which enables the new clergy to publicly extirpate missionaries. Just as the Church legitimized the holding of people's minds by invoking the salvation of their souls, the totalitarian government exercises the legitimization of its citizens' beliefs by the tax man, the liquor belief, and Holy Quebec. We need a Quebec state, so we have to pay. And through the nose.

At that, of course, with the endorsement of the intellectuals who, on the right as on the left, strive to harness the population to an ideology. "The collective takes precedence over the individual," wrote Gérard Boudreau, high priest of the French language and order apostolate. He perhaps wasn't aware of it, but he had just given voice to the aim and substance of Quebec nationalism.

chose prior to last year's St-Sauveur de la Nouvelle-Écosse. But see Quebec's financing?

Daniel Normandin has finally found work. For the 34-year-old resident of Trois-Rivières, it was a long haul—in his last full-time job, doing cleaning and other work on a renovation project, ended in the summer of 1999. Unable to collect employment insurance benefits because that week had not lasted long enough, Normandin, who is a trained musician, went on another. Taped to the back of his head, but the frustration always returned. Now working as a customer-service clerk at a local tire outlet, Normandin remains guarded about his prospects, still aware that the boom that touched many areas of North America in recent years passed Trois-Rivières by. Compared with the provincial average of 8.7 per cent and a national rate of seven per cent, the city now has an unemployment rate of nine per cent. That is likely to rise, just recently. Frail of the Lac Beauport plant to close in factory, leaving another 600 people out of work. And as Normandin tells police, the words inside out in a reverse of his own: *Poverty, not separation, is his idea of a poverty law.* Instead of thinking of sovereignty "as just indignantly," Landry should think of serious things.

It is not all about sovereignty, Landry insists. He has said that, for his government, social concerns are also a priority. He has some baggage to get rid of. As Bouchard's finance minister, Landry slashed Quebec's deficit, at the expense of social services and the health-care system, while doing out hefty subsidies to big business. Such measures alienated the party's left wing. The most compelling proof of that occurred last month in the Montérégie by-election. An independent leftist candidate, Paul Chénier, split the traditional sovereigntist vote, paving the way for the Liberal victory.

Ironically, the PQ, which has historically been a social democratic party, now faces pressure from what should be its own constituency. Emboldened by Chénier's strong showing, several small parties and unions are talking about forming a coalition and fielding a full slate of progressive, alternative candidates in the next election. Arthur Sandhu, the president of the Montreal-area branch of the Confédération des syndicats nationaux, one of Quebec's largest unions, suggested recently in *Le Devoir* that sovereignty can no

longer be the only priority. The public, he said, is preoccupied by poverty, globalization and the environment.



Normandin says poverty, not separation, is the issue

longer be the only priority. The public, he said, is preoccupied by poverty, globalization and the environment.

Friends and colleagues say Landry is more about his commitment to social issues. "He's a guy from a modest milieu," says Lanoie. "When he says his No. 1 priority is the fight against poverty, it's real."

To polish his social democratic credentials, Landry has created a new cabinet position dedicated to the fight against poverty and exclusion. But some of the PQ's traditional supporters will need more proof. According to Quebec's chief electoral officer, the party's membership has dropped to 65,000 (the party disputes those numbers, claiming that the figure halves around 100,000, including those up for renewal). Recent opinion polls have shown the PQ with a tight edge over the Liberals midway through the party's second mandate. That may yet translate into electoral victory when Landry decides to go to the polls. But on the sovereignty front, the driving political cause of Bernard Landry's bid, the outlook is far more uncertain. ■

Landry claims that, in an era of globalization, sovereignty is necessary to protect Quebec's identity

ary of Landry serving as a lieutenant in the early days of the Canadian army for several summers, and suggest the future premier relished power even then. Recalling Landry's style, Barreault smiles, slips his hand and says, "We watched. It was quite authoritarian."

Landry has preached the sovereigntist gospel most of his adult life. Brought up in modest circumstances as the son of an insurance agent, he has, friends say, the ability to connect well with ordinary people,

Landry, who has a master's in political science as well as a law degree, "talked to them about microeconomics." It left the audience cold, later, says Chénier, campaign staff told Landry he had to "find easier words for people."

Landry's time finally came when the PQ swept to power in 1995 under Lévesque. Bright and ambitious, Landry and Pierre Marcoux, who went on to hold several cabinet positions, quickly became the premier's favourites, according to former col-



A Palm on a cellphone

Here, Cellphones are hugely popular all over the world. So are Palm handheld computers. How about combining them, so busy technophiles can organize their lives while keeping in touch, all on one device? With those people in mind, Bell Mobility this month announced it will offer the Kyocera QCP 6035 Smartphone, starting this summer. By mobile standards, the QCP 6035 is big, but that's because it is both a Palm and a no-mode cellphone. Alan Liu, a senior manager at Bell, says he simply carries the phone on his hip and doesn't notice its size. Besides, he says, the device has to be large enough to accommodate the built-in Palm screen. "If they shrink it any smaller," says Liu, "I won't be able to read it."

Kyocera's phone, which Bell heralds as the first in Canada to run on the Palm operating system, is equipped with eight megabytes of memory, a speaker phone, voice-recognition dialing and voice-mail capabilities. Targeted at businesspeople, the \$799 Smartphone can search the user's address book and dial a person's number with a tap of the Palm stylus. Users can acquire and send e-mail by entering a message with the Graffiti handwriting-recognition software. The phone synchronizes with desktop computers and offers Internet access. Gone is the need to carry a Palm, phone and a cable to link the two, says Liu. "When I leave my desk, I grab that one unit," he says. "It has everything that I would ever need."

Lovely to see you

Bring me up, Scotty? Anyone familiar with the sci-fi TV series *Star Trek* knows how its characters used a transporter to



Kyocera's Smartphone open (Palm) and closed (left)

transfer themselves between their spaceship and a planet's surface. Now, a 10-employee start-up in Dallas and Manchester, England, called Teleportics wants to beam our 3-D likeness anywhere in the world. A digital camera takes a person's image and transmits it over a high-speed Internet connection to either a specially constructed kiosk or a conference table, both equipped with a piece of glass that splits the signal and acts as a screen through which the person's likeness is projected. The image, says Duffie White, Teleportics' CEO, appears lifelike in the kiosk or table. An office housing the projection hardware, which costs up to \$100,000, could act as a virtual workplace for an employee halfway around the world. "What's amazing," says White, "is you can walk in and the person's going to be there."

Danylo Hovavakids

COOL SITE

Better whining

Got a complaint about a company but don't know how to go about getting it heard? At www.pleasendback.com, visitors are supplied with form letters they can e-mail to their needs. The site's administration then sit in a chat the beef, or complaint, is forwarded to the correct department at the firm. To turn a profit, the site analyzes users' comments and sells the data to companies, but reserves personal information.

By Brian Bethune

On Christmas Day, 1956, a baby girl was born without arms in Stolberg, West Germany, the home base of an aggressive new pharmaceutical company called Chemie Grünenthal. Her birth was only the first of what historian Rick Byrnes calls the "infelicitous women" of the story of thalidomide, one of the most powerful drugs—for good or ill—ever developed. That little girl, the first known surviving thalidomide baby, was born 10 months before the drug went to market; her father, a Grünenthal employee, had brought home samples to relieve his pregnant wife's morning sickness.

As Byrnes makes clear in *Dark Rowdy* (HarperCollins, \$39.50), his soaring account of the drug's early days, Grünenthal had exercised even moderate diligence with many human-games pigs. History's greatest medical disaster would have been prevented. Instead, after five years, as many as 12,000 infants in 46 countries, including about 200 in Canada, were born horrifically damaged—their limbs, eyes, ears, genitals or internal organs missing or malformed. Half didn't survive childhood. And in what may be the greatest irony of all, the confusion sparked by the birth defects meant that it would be decades before millions would benefit from thalidomide's other, life-saving, side.

Thalidomide was born in a pill-happy postwar world, where tranquillisants were in high demand. As Byrnes—the son of senior VAI Byrnes and Virginia, Grünenthal points out, most of the drugs in use were dangerous barbarians that had brought rising death tolls from accidental and deliberate overdoses. Pharmaceutical companies knew these would be enormous profits in a post-toxic sedative, and when a Grünenthal researcher stumbled upon thalidomide in 1954 while trying to create a new antibiotic, the company immediately tested its tranquillizing effect on animals. It had none. But thalidomide did seem to have one thing going for it—even at extremely high doses, it simply did not act on test animals. The remarkable non-toxicity meant that Grünenthal refused to give up on thalidomide as a new sedative for humans.

As yet, a Grünenthal employee sent out five samples to physicians. When many of those doctors reported that thalidomide

did give a deep, almost hypnotic, sleep to their patients, as well as alleviating morning sickness, Grünenthal secured government permission to begin selling it without prescription on Oct. 1, 1957. The company's massive marketing campaign emphasized the drug's safety so successfully that thalidomide was sometimes called "the baby-sitter" in Germany, in reference to those parents who used it to quiet their children in those times.

The drug became hugely popular across Europe. But in the spring of 1961, a lawyer named Karl Schulte-Hillen went to visit

Hope & Despair



Byrnes (left) and Byrnes bear witness to the drug's power

FORTY YEARS AFTER CAUSING AN EPIDEMIC OF BIRTH DEFECTS, THALIDOMIDE IS BACK

his sons, who had just delivered a baby with phocomelia ("seal limbs"). Six weeks later, his own daughter was born with the same condition. Stunned, Schulte-Hillen visited pediatric expert Wilfried Lenz. Over the next few months, despite a scorching campaign of denial and whitewashing personal attacks by Grünenthal—the company implied, among other things, that the physician was a Nazi obsessed with eugenics—Lenz established the phocomelia-thalidomide connection, and by December 1961, the drug was banned in most of its markets.

But not from North America. In Canada, thalidomide had become available in April, 1961. Although the federal government

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knew that December what was occurring in Europe, officials considered themselves with warning doctors of the risk. Not until March 2 of the next year, after damaged Canadian babies were born, did Ottawa demand its removal from stores. Even so, a *Macleod* investigation that April found thalidomide still widely available. The delay remains unforgivable for Randy Warren, co-active director of the 115-member Thalidomide Victims Association of Canada. At least a third of the Canadian victims were conceived after December, he says. That wasn't the case with Warren himself; the son of a Canadian officer stationed in Germany, he was born there on June 27, 1961, with slightly shortened arms, four-fingered hands and feet attached to his hips.

Only in the United States was the terrible pattern not repeated. In September, 1960, Gruenewald's American partner, Richardson-Merrill, submitted a licensing request to the federal Food and Drug Administration. The FDA gave the file its most reserved approval: Dr. Francis Kelsey, a week after the reported first work. Kelsey, a native of Cahoon, Ill., on Vincennes Island, proved to have a skeptical mind and a will of steel. For more than a year, he simply refused to sign off while fraudulent company executives lusted for his personality



Kelsey's singular obstinacy won him a medal from President John F. Kennedy.

'For three months, I hoped thalidomide would save my life,' Brynner says, 'and I guess it did'

and complied to her wishes. The tide finally turned in November, 1961, when Leta published her diatribe. Soon after, thalidomide babies, victims of the company's tidal runs, were eventually born in the United States, but with 10 million pills set to flood the American market upon FDA approval, what Brynner calls "the singular obstinacy" of Kelsey had prevented thousands more.

The epidemic of birth defects, however, is only half the astonishing story of thalidomide. In 1964, a patient critically ill with advanced ENL—an inflammatory complication of leprosy—admitted to a hospital in Marseille, because of the severity of the man's pain and resistant to therapy, and because the hospital still had 20 thalidomide pills it hadn't yet shown out, doctors gave him two as a last resort. The patient slept restfully for 20 hours; after two more pills he slept deeper to bed. Further tests on other ENL patients had similar effects. Eventually, thalidomide in as few as 90 per cent of the world's leprosy hospitals. Like the biblical leper Lazarus himself, Brynner writes, thalidomide was back from the dead.

Many scientists, however, still recoiled from the drug. It seemed almost obscene to use it for any purpose, Brynner notes. "We planned to make good use out of Mengele's mistakes" but in potential drew some researchers, who kept finding more applications for a drug that had a powerful effect on autoimmune diseases. That proved fortunate for thousands, including, in his own personal story, Rick Brynner. He had held a variety of jobs in his youth, including a stint as mail manager for the Band during their

famous *Last Waltz* farewell tour of 1976. In 1993, when he was 46 and a newly married PhD in history, Brynner developed a sore that would not heal. He was diagnosed with *psoriasis*, a rare inflammatory disorder of the immune system. At times, he had up to 30 open wounds and was frequently bedridden. Finally, in 1998, Brynner's doctors turned to the drug for hopeless cases. "For three months, I hoped that thalidomide would save my life," he recalls, "and I guess it did."

In September, 1997, growing evidence of the drug's benefits prompted an FDA licensing hearing. Gathered in one Washington room were many key figures, including Francis Kelsey, still an FDA officer at 83, and Thalidomide Victims Association of Canada head Randy Warren. "TVAC is the disease drug the Americans have to a victim's group," he gently notes. Thalidomide's status as respectability was already a sure thing before the hearing, Brynner believes, but the scientists present worried that a positive endorsement by the victims could inflame public opinion. Passion they got

from Warren, but also a generous offer of co-operation. "We thalidomides will now accept a world with thalidomide in it," he told the hearing. "But we who know suffering cannot deny quality of life or longer life to others who suffer." Warren demanded, and received, a voice for TVAC in designing the anti-pregnancy warnings given new users. (In Canada, the drug is available through Health Canada's Special Access Program.)

Human nature being what it is, almost everyone involved with thalidomide thinks that despite the mandatory pregnancy testing and the graphic warnings, a new thalidomide baby will someday be born. Warren used to have a dream in which he looked on helplessly while an anguished mother asked how he could have allowed it. "Ten over that a lie," he says. "I know what doing the right thing." Thalidomide's true hope, Warren says, is for an early success from the scientists seeking a safe analogue—a drug with all of thalidomide's benefits and none of its evils. "We're just hanging in there, waiting for a world without thalidomide." ■

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The Eyes Have It

Why do so many Asian women feel the need to alter their eyelids?

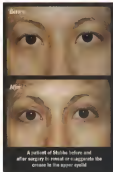
The patient lies on the operating table, isolated on Valium. As she responds to instructions to open and close her eyes, a plastic surgeon begins the hour-long procedure, making crescent-shaped markings in ink on her upper eyelids. After administering a local anesthetic, the surgeon uses these marks as a guide to cut away excess skin and some muscle and fat beneath the surface, then stitches the wound closed. The operation is done, and another Asian woman has had the crease on her upper eyelids exposed or exaggerated in her quest for what she believes to be a better appearance. The cost: \$2,000 to \$3,000.

In Vancouver, Dr. Quimón Son-Hing, who has performed almost 9,000 such operations since 1979, says demand is still increasing as the city's Asian population grows. "I do four to six sets of the surgery each week," says the South African-born Son-Hing, who learned the Mandarin language only 12 years ago when he realised how many new immigrants wanted the procedure. Eyelid surgery, the most common cosmetic procedure among women in Asia, has become a major phenomenon in Canada.

Who is having it done, and why? Son-Hing says 99 per cent of his patients are female, from their 20s to 40s, and 75 per cent are wealthy recent immigrants from Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, South Korea and other parts of Asia. They are among the majority of Asians whose upper eyelids show no visible crease.

For more on this story, see page 40.

Their motivation in seeking the operation, says Toronto filmmaker Anne Shin, is based on ideals of beauty widely held in Asia, including the appearance of bigger eyes that the eyelid crease imparts. "Among some Asian cultures," says Shin, who made a documentary on the subject



guiding racial characteristics means denying their heritage.

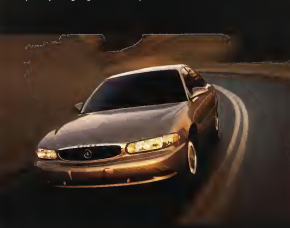
Son-Hing says that in 22 years of performing the operation, only two clients have asked to look more Caucasian. He admits the assumption that enhancement must mean trying to appear Western. What his patients ask for, he says, is a "natural" looking eyelid. But in Toronto, plastic surgeon Robert Stubbs, who has done at least 50 of the operations, says many Asian patients tell him they want a Western look. They want to get three things straight, he says: "How much it costs, when I can do it, and I want the Caucasian eyelid." They also say they don't want it too pronounced.

Stubbs also says these patients appear to believe that Western physical features will help them get better jobs and to fit into Canadian society. "The women," he says, "beauty is power, and beauty plus money is double trouble." His clients, says Stubbs, may be more direct with him about their motives because he is Caucasian. Son-Hing may not hear the same thing, Stubbs suggests, because patients "may feel uncomfortable saying that directly" to another Asian.

Shin says her research suggests both arguments are right, but represent the extremes of the clients' motivations. Some women have the operation done to subliminally affect how they are viewed, others opt for deep creases that defiantly look Caucasian. The reasons they cite for getting the operation are complex and deeply personal. In some cases, they include scarring experiences of childhood racism or exposure to terms in Canada to images of what beautiful women were supposed to look like—blond and blue-eyed. But they had one thing in common, Shin says: "They all said they were interested in looking better."

Rana Kar

Raises jealousy among neighbours and suspicion from Revenue Canada.



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REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

BY JOHN DEMONT in Weymouth Falls

Bernice Beale still has a few memories of the one time the real big guy was back in the early 1930s. The great boxer Sam Langford was essentially blind when he made one of his final visits to Weymouth Falls, N.S. He was nearly 50 then, and spoke with his usual Mike Tyson-like lisp, which made his name sound like "Tham." In retirement, his face was bloated and disfigured, he sported a cauliflower ear and his nose had been beaten flat in a career spanning, by some estimates, more than 600 bouts. Beale, who grew up listening to Langford's fights on the family radio, remembers drinking how large he looked, even though he stood just five-foot-six, and that the high-living fighter—who earned more than \$300,000 in the ring back when money like that meant some-

Sports History

Sam Langford may have been the greatest. Too bad he never got a chance to prove it

thing—was hitting the boards pretty heavy. "He didn't suffer fools," says Beale, now 83 and living with a daughter in Kingston, N.S., 100 km east of Weymouth Falls. "I remember that much."

If he seemed kind and easygoing to a teenage girl, perhaps Langford had a right to be. By then, he was a broken man, and broke, too. Back in the United States, his adopted home, he had dropped out of sight and was rumored to be dead. Yet in his prime, Langford's face was everywhere on kids' trading cards, matchbooks, cigarette packages, in the American sports pages, on the cover of French magazines. The newspaper photos from this era invariably show a sea of white men in formal attire, a body speckled on the canvas and Langford, a squat black man with no neck, thickly coated shoulders

and long, muscular arms, striding calmly back to his corner. Nat Fleischer, the longtime editor of *Ring Magazine*, in 1958 ranked Langford the seventh-best heavyweight in boxing history—quite an accolade considering he never held a world title. Hype, yes, the most renowned of all American boxing writers during the 1950s, was even farther, calling Langford "the greatest fighter posed for poster who ever lived."

In Weymouth Falls, a quiet, poor black community a few kilometers from the Bay of Fundy, they still celebrate the late fighter. There's a hand-painted sign announcing "The Home of Sam Langford" that stands beside the road into the community. The road curves past other reminders of his accomplishments: a Peelo Canada plaque on a stone monument, and a wall inside the aging community center devoted to "Sam Langford: The Boreas Hero," the politically correct version of his earlier nickname. "The Boreas Tie Baby." Eventually, the road climbs a small rise of land, atop which stands the tiny yellow wooden house—now the warren's home of a New Brunswick family—where Langford was born in 1885.

Langford's family had moved to the area in the late 1700s with other black United Empire Loyalists who sailed across the river from the more prosperous white community of Weymouth. And if life is hard now for the people of Weymouth Falls, it was harder at the tail end of the 19th century. "There were no jobs," says Karla Kelly, a teacher and local historian, "no prospect to improve your life." Langford, the son of a widowed woodturner who drank too much and beat his seven kids, understood that. By age 12, he had an away-to Boston to join a sister.

Those days in 1901, his life changed when he walked into a drugstore owned by Sam Woodman, who also operated the Lennox Athletic Club, a small Boston fight gym.



PRIME AND PREJUDICE:

Once a star (left), Langford was blind and broke in his last days in Boston

The older white man never forgot his first night of the final bid with the ragged clothes and the toes sticking out of his shoes. Langford asked "He could clean the store and sweep out the fight club in return for work, right to eat. He got the job. And when he wasn't sweeping or cleaning, he found himself down to the waist in the heavy bag, the smell of sweat and his meat inside the gloomy old gym, and eventually with

the kind of money well done."

How good was Langford? According to one tale, he once knocked an opponent through the ropes and into a particular sportswriter's lap in a show duplicate over a story the sportswriter had written. Another time, in 1910, Woodman was anxious about raising a man that left 30 minutes after the scheduled start of a fight in Cheyenne, Wyo. "That gives us plenty of time," Lang-

Woodman's help, the sport itself.

In some respects, Langford was a natural: he had an even chin, a long reach for his size and the ability to generate tremendous punching power with both hands. But working in the gym gave him a chance to study other fighters, and though only 16 when he turned pro in 1902, he had already developed a unique crouched fighting style that made him an elusive target for any opponent. Managed by Woodman, he quickly began piling up wins against bigger, more experienced fighters. Professional less than a year, he stepped into the ring with Joe Gans, then the lightweight champion of the world, and won a 15-round decision. But Langford was denied the title because both fighters had weighed in over the 133-lb. division limit.

Almost from the start, his problem was that he was simply too good. Gans wanted nothing to do with a rematch. Frustrated, Langford moved up to welterweight and fought the world champion, a black fighter named (Baltimore) Joe Wilson, in a brutal draw. In 1906, at just 355 lb., he took on the most feared boxer on the planet—Jack Johnson. Johnson was six inches taller and 30 lb. heavier and was about to become the world's first black heavyweight champion. Johnson knocked him down twice and broken 15-round decision. But he left with great respect for the smaller coach's abilities. After taking the world title from another Canadian, Timmy Berna, in 1908, Johnson refused to give Langford, or any other black, a title shot. His reasoning was simple: a black champion could make more money taking on white contenders, even if they were less skilled, than by fighting black challengers. "On a good night, Sam is just liable to beat me or make it close," Johnson once said, "and what's the sense of that for

fund reputedly told his managers—then proceeded to knock out his opponent at 1:45 of the first round.

His legend grew, in and outside of the ring. Langford—whom Woodward once called “a kid who never grew up”—blew his earnings on clothes and on drinks for his friends. Once, he briefly owned a boat on England so he could his raucous farewell to the crowd gathered on the dock to see him off. At the height of his fame in the late 1920s and early '30s, members of Toronto's black community held a parade in his honour during his only appearance in Toronto, and Cape Breton miners rode to the surface to cheer him. On a one-city home to Weymouth Falls, everyone in the village turned out, lifting the conquering hero onto their shoulders and marching him down the main street.

But Langford's success was passing. Johnson was a lightning rod for racism, not just because he demolished every white heavyweight who dared face him, but also because of his high living and the way he flaunted his relationships with white women. The resulting backlash caused boxing promoters to ban black fighters from title

fight at any weight until well into the 1930s. Langford had no choice but to fight for lesser titles—and smaller purses—in Europe. And in the United States, he absorbed terrible punishment in battles with other black heavyweights who, like him, were unable to fight for the big prizes. Particularly brutal were his 18 fights with Harry Wills—50 lb heavier and seven inches taller. One Langford victory came by 17th-round knockout after Wills had

knocked him down nine times in the first two rounds. Among other ailments, his eyes began to go in 1929, blinded to more than 200 lb, he won the heavyweight championship of Spain in Mexico City when his opponent was just a baby. Langford fought twice more, then retired in 1924 and underwent an operation to save his sight.

For a while, he gave lessons and exhibitions; other than that, little is known about the next decade or so of his life. But in Weymouth Falls, now just a shadow of the place where Langford was born, most people know how the story ends. In 1944, a New York City boxing writer named Al Lancey discovered the old boxer blind, broke and living alone in a Harlem tenement. A star was eventually set up so that he could return to Boston, but he lived out his last days in the charity ward of a Cambridge, Mass., hospital, an empty coffee can beside his legs for his tobacco juice. He died in 1956. “It’s sad tale in a way, isn’t it,” Marlene-Cole, an employment counsellor, said recently as she stood inside Weymouth Falls’ Sam Langford Community Centre. “But I’ll tell you this: he took on everybody. He never backed down.” And in a town where life can still be a struggle, that means something. ■

HE COULD BE A CONTENDER

He's hardly a household name in the glitter-and-gore world of professional boxing. But at Admiral Westgate Junior High School in Dartmouth, N.S., where the students line up deep into the hallway for his autograph, Kirk Johnson is the Man Standing in the school library, the shy 28-year-old now nearby North Preston makes a short speech about hard work, dedication and respecting your parents. Not surprisingly, the students seem even more interested in looking about his car (a white Lotus), how much money he has made in the ring (\$4.1 million) and the array of top artists he has met (Sir Elton, Joe C, Joe Cobi).

Every little advantage counts, although the fight's purse—\$1 million—is being split evenly between the two fighters. The real prize in that bout, though, is that it leaves the victor first in line when the winner of the Aug. 4 Johnny Paul-Dandier Holyfield fight conducts his mandatory title defence. “What I’ve always wanted, a title shot, is finally within my reach,” says Johnson, who, at 5-foot-10 and over 230 lb, is known more as a tactician than a brawler.

His title dream began at age 18, when he watched Sugar Ray Leonard dismantle Tommy Hearns in a televised welterweight title bout. For inspiration, his father,



With Johnson, with dad Gary, may soon get a world title shot

A bonus per extra mile to New, Johnson admits, pulls back a shirt sleeve and, as female fighters fill the room, reveals a bling the size of an ordinary man's thigh.

The No. 3-ranked heavyweight in the World Boxing Association was feeling good last week for a number of reasons. He was still on a high from his last fight, on April 25, a first-round knockout of Indian's Derrick Beeks that added Johnson's award to 31 wins, 30 losses and one draw. Moreover, his pleased July 7 bout with the NBA's fourth-ranked Larry Donald is being staged by Johnson's own promoter, Cedric Ruskay, rather than Donald's manager, the Sarabeg, spiky-haired Don King.

John Dufford



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Ann Dowsett Johnston

Divide and conquer

First, a confession: twice in my lifetime, I have moved to private school. The first time was at 16, after moving from a tiny high school in my home town of 4,000 to an urban magnet school of 1,700. The magnet school segregated students like layers in a wedding cake, from the elite high-wealth crowd down through the median performers to the so-called low lights. Newcomers, no matter how high their marks, were folded into the lowest layer. This was an education, in and of itself. Here was a gang with a strong sense of self-direction, by mid-afternoon, a good portion of my class had headed off for new learning opportunities, via someone's car. This left an over-dwelling group to finish the day alone. By May, I was searching for a place to spend Grade 13, a school where the class might rick around past lunch. The options were few: the girls' school where they wore tunics, or the girls' school where they wore kilts. I opted for the kilts. Tunes and ties notwithstanding, it was a very good year.

The second time, I moved to private school on behalf of my son. This decision germinated slowly throughout his eight years at the local elementary school. At he headed to junior high, I found myself yearning for a more active, challenging environment. It was not so much a flight as an exploration, and I wasn't alone. Choking out alternative schools, we shored ourselves into crowded information nights, and lined up for appointments at private schools.

In the end, he chose a school with a bright art studio, cool science labs, a rich academic program—and a hefty price tag. Yes, it was a huge financial stretch. But who was to gamble with their children?

The answer is: no one. Not Catholic parents, not Muslim parents, not Jewish parents, nor rich, nor poor. Little wonder, then, that parents have been apoplectic watching Ontario slash \$1.6 billion out of elementary and high-school budgets. All this in a mere six years, while the system absorbed an additional 80,000 students. In those same six years, enrollment at Ontario private schools rose by 27 per cent. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out why a growing number of us went elsewhere.

For that reason, Premier Mike Harris must have expected



resounding applause for his recent decision to offer tax credits for tuition at private schools, both religious and secular. As of next year, parents can collect \$700 per child, a figure that will increase annually to a maximum of \$3,500 by 2006.

By that time, the government estimates it will have spent \$300 million on the initiative. That number looks conservative to me. With this sort of carrot, parents will stampede to private schools. And as demand outpaces supply, new schools will sprout like dandelions in spring. (And fees will rise.) So basic: why don't we just toss out the government commitment to an even half billion?

Yes, I'm sure Harris expected a round of applause from parents like me. But I'm not clapping. Sending your son to private school does not mean you expect others to pay for your choice. This initiative is little more than a bribe to opt out of the public-school system—a system that Harris has accurately malnourished, and critically discredited in the process. Ultimately, the government knows it will save money for every student who leaves. Since funding is based on student enrolment, each exodus will reduce the public system's available dollars. Let's face it: this is just cost-cutting, pretending to educational policy.

Harris is playing a serious game of divide and conquer. First, he gamed the system, now he is out to balkanize. Initially, his announcements pleased leaders of religious schools. But within days,

they, too, were unhappy, demanding further support—and arguing that they should be free of curriculum constraints.

In the end, tax credits are only meaningful to those with significant income. If the public-school system is reserved only for the poor, it will end up becoming a poorer system. And a poor education system will diminish us all.

Mr. Harris, I have a novel idea. How about converting that half-billion back into public schools? You could start by offering remedial programs for all those who finished their literacy last year. Or how about enlisting librarians to help with the literacy challenge? Who knows? You just might come up with a strong education system, one that no one wants to leave.

Should there be a tax credit for sending to private schools? www.ontarioparents.com



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ARCTIQUE MAGIQUE

By Brian D. Johnson

Zacharia Kunuk tends to notice things. Born in a sod house on Baffin Island, he grew up surrounded by ice and mud, and learned to see the world with the clarity of arctic light and epic horizons. It's hard to imagine a world further removed from the audience of the Cannes International Film Festival. But last week, instead in a silk rando and silver tie, Kunuk stood on a Cannes street corner and quietly surveyed the after-midnight throng that spewed into the street from the Ritz Majestic bar. "I wish I had my video camera," he sighed as he watched bankers with an ascot, hats and clerical coats in the crowd. "The one time you leave it at



the head is where you want it." Kunuk has come to Cannes as director of *Atanarjuat* (The Fast Runner), the first Inuit-language feature in history—and a sleeper hit at the festival. On the night of its premiere, as photographers shot him dispatching the red carpet steps, the 43-year-old filmmaker was shoving right back with his video camera. During the day, he roamed the streets, documenting whatever struck his eye in the small, small world of Europe: small racers, small cars, small coffee, small dogs. He was fascinated by the dogs, the miniature kind the French are so fond of, and kept saying he wants to buy a Chihuahua to keep his lonely company at home in Igloolik, on the tiny Nunavut is-

land of the same name. Kunuk's publicist suggested he get two, one for each pocket, and use them as hand warmers.

In this year of sublimated Canadian presence in Cannes, the icy *Atanarjuat* became a worthy torchbearer. With no new clips from the usual pantheon—David Cronenberg, Anne Eggefsen, Deepa Arund—there was no Canadian filmmaker in official competition. *Atanarjuat* was shown in a sidebar called Un Certain Regard, and just about everyone agreed that it deserved to be in the main program. As the French Riviera's world summit of foreign film, no film was more foreign than *Atanarjuat*. And the critics loved it. *Le Monde* called it "a new passion, one of total freedom," adding that its story, based on a 1,000-year-old legend, is "new codes and truths that have been dead for so long among us that it's like discovering a new world." *Hurray* produced it. "I would find a warm welcome worldwide."

Sylvia Tuohy and her child play roles in Atanarjuat and Inuktitut. Nanaq Duganuk (left) and Inuktitut Duganuk play the brothers in an epic tale of love, jealousy, murder and revenge.



SET IN CANADA'S NORTH, ATANARJUAT—THE FIRST INUIT-LANGUAGE MOVIE IN HISTORY—HAS BEEN A BRACING HIT AT CANNES

The quiet Canadian surprise at Cannes was a 25-year-old Afghan refugee from Ottawa named Nelofer Patin, who inadvertently became the star of *Kandahar*, by Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf. One of the most acclaimed texts in the competition, *Kandahar* is about an Afghan journalist from Ottawa trying to make a name in Afghanistan who has threatened to commit suicide before the last eclipse of the 20th century. The story is Patin's own. In trying to track down a suicidal friend in Afghanistan, she asked Makhmalbaf—the only filmmaker to have made movies about Afghanistan—to help her enter the country and document her trip. Instead, Makhmalbaf cast her in the center of a drama about the first side of the Afghan border, with all the characters playing themselves. Patin never found her male-life friend.

There are striking parallels between *Atanarjuat* and *Kandahar*, aside from the

Canadian connection. Both follow quests of outsiders: people in desert landscapes, so in one case and sand in the other. Both employ non-professional actors and authentic locations to open a documentary window on an exotic world—while conjuring

terrific, poetic images of horror and beauty. And in a festival where so many American and European filmmakers seemed trapped in a vortex of self-referential style, these two blistered outsiders offer hope for the future of cinema.

Atanarjuat is an epic tale of love, jealousy, murder and revenge worthy of Greek tragedy. It revolves around two brothers in a community divided by an evil spirit. When one of them who again may from the leader's son, a bitter feud leads to bloodshed. The movie's rural world is awe-inspiring. Inuiters are igloos with cathedral ceilings. Hunters wear the sunglasses of arctic huts that would not look out of place in a Japanese sci-fi flick, but are apparently authentic. A duel consists of two men taking turns revealing a fix to the temple. A man counting a woman says he wants to "work" her, and slaps a hand under her face. Adultery

breaks out between in-laws in a family deep in the made order caribou blood. Murders chase a naked man across the spring sea or until his feet are bleeding.

Capturing the extraordinary light and sweep of the Arctic, the movie was shot on digital video by cinematographer Nanaq Duganuk, who also produced and wrote it. The story is confusing at first—it's difficult not to get characters mixed up, but that becomes part of the snow-blind intrigue. And although the movie's three-hour length is commercially unsound, that conveys a world of expanded time and space—a sense of infinite space.

"We didn't intend it to be that long," says Kunuk. "We wrote a 100-page script and expected it to be 110 minutes. But this is a culture that does not talk much. Our film is about a part of the world where people are very interested in watching. So we ended up writing a much longer film than we realized." Kunuk, 54, is the one true bear in the collective called Igloolik Inuit Productions, Canada's first Inuit-owned film and TV production company. The former Montreal video artist has been living in Igloolik and working with Kunuk for 15 years. Kunuk was a successful career who bought his first video camera two decades ago by selling three sculptures. *Atanarjuat*, which cost \$2 million, was made with the help of the National Film Board, and involved a five-year struggle. The producers initially had trouble persuading Telefilm Canada to allow an aboriginal-language drama access to serious national funding. But now Kunuk and Kunuk are planning their next movie—an epic about shamans and Christian missionaries. "It will be more commercial," predicts Kunuk, "and less comic. And who knows, we may have people flying like in *Conquering Tiger*."

Nelofer Patin, meanwhile, has no plans to extend her career as an actress after *Kandahar*. Having fled Afghanistan with her family at 15, she has obtained a journalism degree from Ottawa's Carleton University and is now intent on raising documentaries and helping refugee women from Afghanistan.

Veering between whimsy and haunting realism, *Kandahar* ventures into a world beyond imagination. As Patin's character goes a bit further to leave her across the desert, she comes across herdes of land-rimmed armpits, and as Afghanistan comes with a fair head—actually a black African woman who came to Iran 20 years earlier looking for God. There is an amazing sense of armpits on canchies racing after dozens of artificial legs being dropped by parachute from a Red Cross helicopter. This is the movie's one symbolic irony: not—fate legs from down in the desert, disarmed. And that *Atanarjuat*'s vision of a bleeding man running naked across the ice, it's not easily forgotten.



Nelofer Patin, an Afghan refugee from Ottawa, stars in *Kandahar*, which cost Patin's father to document her journey to a world beyond her own.

Kandahar: D. Johnson's story from Cannes online

Continued on page 10

If the rotters Jim Mezon likes to play are irredeemably loathsome, so much the better

Take Me or Leave Me

BY JOHN REMROSE

I like the parts where you can just walk out and really tick it to an audience—the parts where you don't have to care if you're a sympathetic character or not. If a role has something mean and dark and ugly about it, so much the better. Because I just happen to believe that there are aspects of all of us that are like that." Jim Mousis smiles pleasantly as he says that there's nothing of the bullies, cheats, criminals and hard-hearted businessmen and assassins he's played to great acclaim for 18 years at Ontario's Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, a two-hour drive south of Toronto. In the Shaw's new season (opening on May 25 and running until Nov. 25), Mousis' parts will include the villainous Captain Hook in J. M. Barrie's 1904 classic, *Peter Pan* (Oct. 20). The melodrama is considerably less sophisticated than Mousis' usual fare, but he will no doubt bring to it all the force of his ominous stage presence, supported by a voice that sounds as if it could cut sheer metal. And he won't be pandering to the audience. "I don't care whether you like me up there or not," he claims. "If there's one thing I hate in an actor it's the craving to be liked."

Mission, 45, has been widely touted as a possible replacement for the Show's artistic director, Christopher Newton, who's retiring at the end of the 2002 season. Mission qualifies for the job because he's not only one of the festival's finest actors but also an accomplished director who has deftly mounted some of George Bernard Shaw's less well-known plays (*Widows' Husbands*, *The Philanderer*) as well as a much-trained 1996

1997 winner of J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*. But this Sunday morning, Meeson is an actor only, posing for an interview before running off to rehearse the part of Howard in William Inge's 1953 play *Power* (opening on May 17 and running until Sept. 24). With large, pointed ears pressed close to the sides of his shaved head, and small, expensive brown eyes, Meeson has something of the appearance of an overgrown elf. His affable, eager manner is so completely at odds with his menacing stage persona that the interviewer feels compelled to remark on the difference.

That coarseness and Messiaen off on a long examination of the most mysterious and elusive thing, the actor's sense of identity. Messiaen says we are not of a spirit between their act and offstage selves. But Messiaen seems to have suffered the quality more than most. "An actor violates himself by being someone else on stage," he points out, "and if you spend your life being someone else and being rewarded for it, then the stage becomes a very safe and solid world. The trouble is, when you leave that world, you're completely at sea. When I was younger, I was intensely into someone offstage. I couldn't talk to anyone, I couldn't put two thoughts together, I had no confidence at all."

For Meason, the realization that performing could help allay his insecurities came very early. A Winnipeg native, he was the middle of three children born to railway worker Stan Meason and his housemaker wife, Ma. "I was quiet and nervous



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3:46 p.m.



3:47 p.m.



3:48 p.m.

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usually shy as a boy, but I can remember doing a puppet show in about Grade 6. When I worked that hard puppet, then this was gone," Mezon recalls, covering his face with his hand, as if to hide his emotions, nine-year-old self. "It had transformed me! From that," he explains, holding his other hand above his head to indicate the puppet, which had become his new face to the world. "That discovery dominated the way I worked for many years, consciously or unconsciously."

Mezon performed in school productions, experiencing another marvellous upsurge of confidence as the Admiral in *RMS Puffer*. Later he joined a group of neophyte actors and writers who put on original plays around Winnipeg. By his early 20s he was working as a janitor in the Manitoba Theatre Centre, often dipping away from his duties to watch offhandedly. Then, in 1973, he auditioned successfully for a new theatre school in Vancouver, formed in association with the Vancouver Playhouse. Playing the lead in *The Guest of Henry Crane* under *King Lear*, he came to the notice of the Playhouse's director, Christopher Newman. When Newman was kind to run the *Shaw Festival* in 1980, he asked Mezon to come with him. Escape for a couple of years spent acting elsewhere, and regular off-season work at the country's regional theatres (last year he was playing in the job-like role of Reuben in a Twopenny production of *June Snow* at *Interiors*), Mezon has been at the *Shaw* ever since.

Mezon's power onstage flows from the impression he creates of intense focus. With his drilling tone-voice, there's something hard and relentless about the way he attacks a role, starting it into a weapon for opening up the darkest side of human nature. He's performed major parts in such Bernard Shaw dramas as *Major Barbara* and *Heartbreak House*, demonstrating a mastery of the dramatic rhetorical flights while grounding them in a solid physicality. In 1989, he won an acclaimed *Peter Pan*, the roguish wanderer an inherently comic drama. The marathon part demanded the memorization of 25,000 words, a process re-focusing at times that Mezon would sometimes relieve the stress,



MEZON'S POWER ONSTAGE FLOWS FROM HIS INTENSE FOCUS



*This spring, the Shaw Festival returns as balancing yet another heavy, Caprice Hunt, with the solid Howard of William Inge's *Peter Pan*.*

he once said, by "taking a deck chair out to the backyard and beating the bjojan out of it."

But despite his racism in the spotlight, Mezon is the early and middle parts of his career had trouble negotiating his private life. Explains the actor: "When you're getting that adrenaline rush onstage, you're somebody, you're valid, you can exist on this plane." Offstage, though,

where insecurity reigns, the natural occupation is to keep the rush going by any means available, even if it means courting self-destruction. Mezon admits he spent too many nights in the bar, got blasted at too many parties, not to mention "acting stupid, acting crazy, being funny."

There seems a long way from the enfolded-out, in-control guy he seems to be today. But mezzing, he says, hasn't been easy. "It's often painful," he says, "to realize that I'm someone off that stage, and that people care about who I am, and not just about the role I'm playing. And having realized that, I've finally started to look after myself as a human being." Looking after himself means eating right, among other things: he's embraced a diet that doesn't eat proteins and carbohydrates, while eschewing all dairy products. He's lost 40 lbs since last year (he now weighs in at around 180) and claims to have found a new energy. And he no longer feels romantically for the bar after a show, preferring to be home with his companion, actor Catherine McGaughey, whom he describes as "the wonderful young woman in my life who keeps me sane."

Still, life is never quite that simple, and Mezon acknowledges that there's always a building of tension in him that has to be burned off with long, daily runs of running, biking or rollerblading. As for the runner he might be up for Newman's part, Mezon says he's not interested in giving up the performing and directing he loves most. "The Festival is so large now, and the job demands that so much energy be given to things outside acting and directing, that I just can't see myself going for it. I don't have the ambition. It's just not who I am."

The question of who Jim Mezon is remains as complicated as ever, though. While he goes to great lengths to be the same person in *Peter Pan*, he says he's also looking forward to playing Howard in *Peter Pan*. "He's a balding, grumpy kind of man, so different from 'Puck,'" Mezon comments, sounding surprisingly enthusiastic as he harras off to be released. It's hard to imagine the festival's resident heavy won't slip at least a little distance into Howard somehow. ■

Edited by Susan OA

EVERYBODY'S WILD ABOUT HARRY

The phenomenal popularity of J. K. Rowling's *Harry Potter* series—the first four volumes combined have sold more than 100 million copies in 42 languages—has pushed the books into some unusual territory. Earlier this month in New Orleans, the American Psychiatric Association's annual meeting devoted an entire session to exploring Harrymania. As well, the boy wizard's latest adventure, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, has been nominated for one of the Honor Women Association's Best Science awards, which will be handed out in Seattle on May 26. It will face off against fellow juvenile nominee *Be Afraid, by Beingson, Oct.*, author Tale van Belkum, who normally has to worry only about ordinary best-seller from the likes of Stephen King.

More odd still, Rowling's children's novel *It's All for a Sign: 11 Signs around the Oscar of the Science Fiction World*. In the *Magis*,



which do not have a juvenile category, Rowling's four competitors include two Canadian, Mississauga, Ont., writer Robert Sweeney (*Calderdale's God*) and Niall Higinson of Toronto (*Midnight Rakibers*). Sweeney, nominated for a sixth time (he has yet to win), is satirical about Rowling's presence on the ballot. "Everybody—the horror writers, the sci-fi writers, everybody—wants to claim her for their own, in hopes of directing her readers to their books. A marketing move, if you will." So he doesn't mind Rowling's nomination? "Oh, yes, I do," Sweeney exclaims. "Science fiction has enough trouble showing people it's not just for kids." Then again, he adds with a laugh, "I don't think *Goblet of Fire* will win, since it's not really a sci-fi novel. Besides, 100 million copies—the death and a striking sword."



Leim-Young goes to church

DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE CATHEDRAL

The cast of *Articles of Faith* the Betty of St. Alban's will have reasons beyond the ordinariness to have opening night jitters on May 30. Not only does the play's four-performance run open in Vancouver's Christ Church Anglican Cathedral on the eve of the diocese's annual synod, *Articles* tackles an issue that has bedeviled Christian denominations for years—same-sex unions. And playwright Mark Leim-Young, not exactly a member of the flock, had his own doubts when the project began. "I just wasn't sure how the public would react to a straight Jewish boy writing about homosexuality in the Anglican church," he says.

Leim-Young solved that problem by taking a documentary approach. The dialogue centers from interviews he conducted with Anglicans, past and present, from the Port Alberni parish of St. Alban's. Many of them broke with the church in 1998 when the previous synod suggested blessing same-sex couples. As the new synod prepares to reopen the question, says John Johnson, artistic director of the Savage Bed ensemble that will perform *Articles*, "we think presenting the real-world news from the mouths of flesh-and-blood Christians will lessen the children's."



Student protest 1989?

Fallen Gong arrests 2001?

Olympic beach volleyball 2000?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Here, what village Shakespearean window breaks? It's William Shakespeare himself, a youngling man (29) with a well-known Mona Lisa smile! Certainly *The Globe and Mail* thinks so. It recently splashed on its front page a newly discovered—and compelling—portrait of the writer, one that had been handed down for generations in an Ontario family of British origin. The result suggests authenticating the miserably used, egg-topper on rails, are of the same era as the Bard (1564-1616).

Still, there are riddles. The real *Shakespeare* of *For* contacted an authority on spelling who questioned the Elizabethan colonialist



of the words on an attached label. British experts have been polite but skeptical, perhaps because the painting was found in the colonies. Or perhaps because, in current Catholic MacLeod of London's National Portrait Gallery observed, "there is a whole industry in portraits of Shakespeare being discovered." All so holding back. Bardmania is what the Globe is driving for reproduction of its photo. \$3,000. Still, if authentic, the portrait would be the first of the famous playwright painted in his lifetime. And it has a beguiling quality. It is a portrait of someone who could have written *Hamlet* dressed in a rucksack. For the ruckers, that is the rub.

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Entertainment Notes

Burning question

In 1987, an 18-year-old widow named Hoop Kanwar was burned alive on her husband's funeral pyre in the Indian village of Deorala. As British journalist Mela Sen's *Death by Fire* (McArthur & Co.) makes clear, the act outraged millions of Indians, not least because many of their countrymen hailed Kanwar as a San Mat, a goddess-like "pure mother." The ancient practice of widows' self-immolation had been abolished by the British colonial government in 1829, and Warranatala Indira was shocked to see it return. But Sen's investigation into cases like Kanwar's, the murder of brides for their dowries and female infanticide shows a subcontinent still finely balanced between ancient and modern, particularly in the role of women.



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7. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	7
8. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	8
9. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	9
10. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	10

Nonfiction	WEEKS ON LIST
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2. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	2
3. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	3
4. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	4
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7. THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN , Lisa Fiedler (H)	7
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Allan Fotheringham

The B.C. political sickness

The problem with British Columbia politics, if you must know, came about some time ago. It was in the days of sail, before the Panama Canal was built, and the ships from Dear Old Blighty had to sail down around Cape Horn, the tip of South America, and so deposit on Vancouver's shore the shipment thereof. The shipments included a number of leazy Cuban ideolins who felt that socialism was the solution to the world's problems. Later, some of the Brits had gone to Russia, after the one had been assassinated, witnessed communists and pronounced they "had seen the future."

The coldies—and the ideolins—has remained ever since. The result

is a class warfare that exists in no other Canadian province. Napoleon once said delectably that England was "a nation of shopkeepers." Some shrewd wit has observed, since, that British Columbia is a corridor of shop-rewards. Most of them with sharp Scottish and Lancashire accents.

The most militant unionized province in the Dominion has, for decades, lived off with the robber barons of a jurisdiction with resources in only salvation—forests to be chopped down, rivers to be ripped up, fish to be harvested, the ultimate heaven of wood and drivers of waste. The robber barons resided on Strathcona Heights at the advantageous tip of the town—on lands granted to the CPR, for doing what it had planned to do anyway, move the tailfin of the national railway to Vancouver. On such resources does B.C. politics rise until this day Jeffrey Simpson of *The Globe and Mail* rightly calls it "carnal politics"—not seen anywhere else in Canada—it's all "cheat" versus "us."

At the start of our last world war, there was a terrible problem with the ruling classes in BritCoe. The unwashed masses, coming out of the Depression, began to get rather interested in what was then the CCF run by the father-son team of Ernie and Harold Winch. To deflect the theme, the traditional "warring" enemies—the Gens and the Tories—fell into bed in a coalition government that kept the socialist barons from the gates. As anyone in the know knows, its orders were taken from one lunch table at the Vancouver Club, ruled over by a certain senator whose son, later a chief justice of the B.C. Court of Appeal, resigned over a problem with a prostitute. Such was B.C. politics.



A hardware merchant from the Okanagan, once Wesley Bennett, could not take this Vancouver Club disease, and fled from the coalition—adopting the strange tag of Social Credit from across the mountains in Alberta. In 1952, he was elected over the socialists by one seat, while smiling in the popular vote. Under the ordinary balloting system, the CCF had 21 seats and the Socials 16, but under the new single transferable vote system, the count dragged on. For 50 days, B.C. had no new government. Constitutional experts to this day argue the point, but Lt.-Gov. Clarence Wallace—a good member of the Vancouver Establishment, naturally—called Bennett rather than Winch to Government House to form a cabinet. Within two years, Bennett revised the old first-past-the-post voting system.

This brings us around almost to today. The ever-growing ship called Gordie Gordon will be the B.C. lieutenant-governor who will swear in Gordon Campbell as premier. Gordon was a member of the UBC Thunderbirds basketball team when it beat the Harlem Globetrotters. Teammate Pat McGee, now a world-renowned medical researcher, was a line headed for the Olympics. McGee was the only guy before Michael Jordan I ever saw who could take off at the free-throw line and finish a layup.

In 1975, the Liberals finally gave up, and McGee, Gordon and the usually Allan Williams surrendered and moved into the Bell (Mini)Wac Bennett cabinet. The coalition that Bennett Jr.'s father had abandoned was renewed—they never again would be a B.C. Conservative party or a Liberal party, only a dog's breakfast designed to keep the socialist barons from the gates. That is what we have now with Campbell's "Liberal" government. It is fact is a right-wing amalgam of all those disaffected means that have once again come together. The remnants of Bill Vander Zalm's Socials, the long-time Conservatives hiding behind the Chivus Regal in the Vancouver Club, the disgruntled real Liberals who have had nowhere to go. After the "hat" fiasco, what is one to do?

The last political offspring of the British have collapsed under labour-union greed. The ships in the Vancouver Club, opening their lockers wherein they keep their eye, can at last relax.

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